JEAN HARLOW TELLS THE INSIDE STORY

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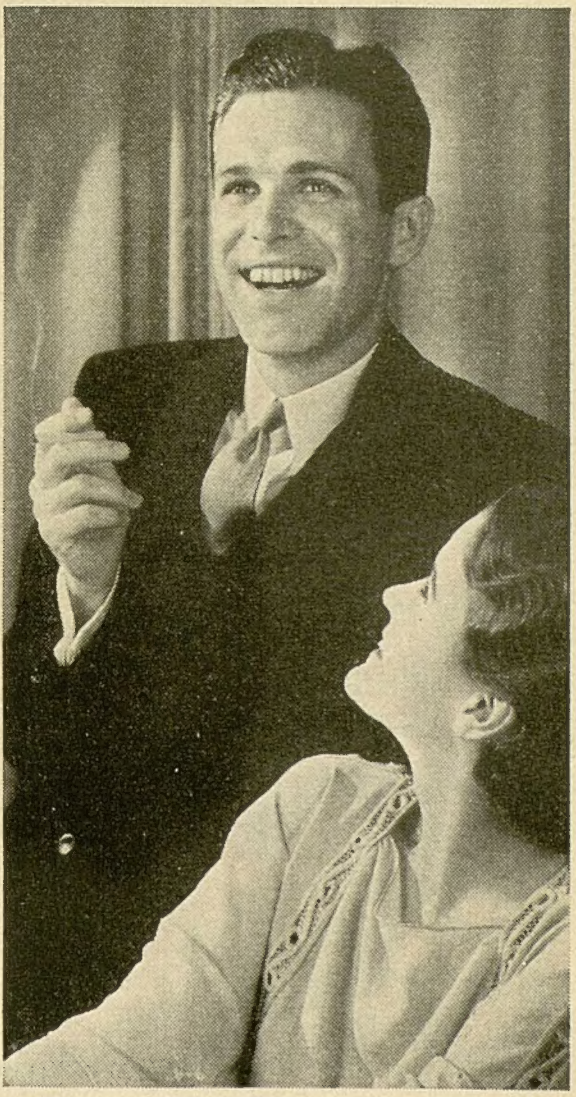
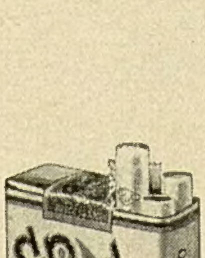


ACT 3

Scene: A Party . . . Time: Saturday. Cigarette after cigarette . . . but you are smoking Spuds, so your pleasure is unalloyed. Fine flavor, clean taste. Curtain falls on the mouth-happy ending.



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America's Best Read Weekly

NOVEMBER 26, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 48

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by H. R. MCBRIDE

A FIVE-DAY WEEK FOR WORKERS

The demand for more play and less work is being commended everywhere.

We call this the machine age; machines are doing a large part of what we formerly called hard work. The task of making a living is being made easier; but machines have taken the jobs of literally millions of people, and aided by the depression unemployment has become a serious menace.

But there is one remedy the effectiveness of which cannot be questioned: lessen the hours of work in every occupation until everybody has a job. Incomes may have to be decreased proportionately; but the amount of money required to live in comfort depends largely upon what one is in the habit of spending, and the comforts of life do not altogether depend upon the amount expended.

The shorter day will leave more hours for leisure, and when this time is used for self-improvement or in body-building recreation it means added pleasure and happiness.

Hard, grinding toil has been the fate of many of our people in bygone generations, in some instances from daylight to dark; but the working hours have gradually grown shorter. At one time they were twelve hours a day. Then they were reduced to ten. Now they are usually eight, although some factories are now working on a six-hour day.

The five-day week is gradually becoming more popular. In a survey recently made of more than 1,500 manufacturing establishments, it was found that 114 had adopted the five-day week. The publishers of this magazine adopted the five-day week during the summer season for several years. The plan was recently made permanent throughout the year, and there is no intention on our part to return to the six-day week. Apparently in no instance has there been a return to the former six-day week after giving the five-day week a thorough test.

" All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy " is a quotation that has been referred to frequently, and it could be easily reversed: " All play and no work makes Jack a foolish boy."

It is important to have a serious purpose in life. To be compelled to make a living is advantageous: it builds character, self-dependence, efficiency; it makes life really worth while. The glorification of accomplishment is always desirable.

When our hours of work are not burdensome there is more opportunity for self-improvement. Under such circumstances every individual can look forward hopefully to something better; he has the leisure to fit himself for a business or profession that may have a special appeal.

The five-day week gives one a week-end for recreation and enjoyment that can be made profitable mentally and physically. After a two-day rest one is able to resume his daily duties with more zest and energy; and in practically every organization where this plan has been tested, it is maintained that more work and better work has been accomplished in the five-day week.

Most of us are entirely too serious. And if leisure time can be turned into a joy-fest composed largely of wholesome, recreational health-building, life will appear more complete; we will get more enjoyment out of our work as well as our pleasure.

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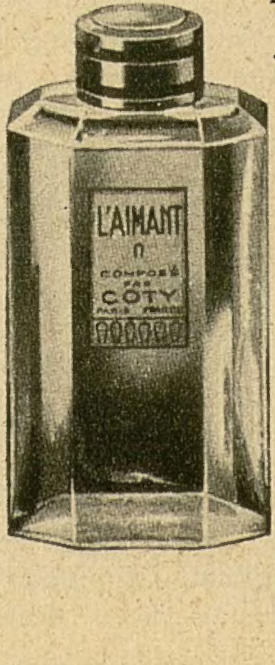

Coty

The flawlessly-groomed woman of today's romantic mode uses her perfume atomizer as she dresses, and goes forth charming, in a delicate aura of Coty Perfume.

Found in film on Teeth . . . the germ of tooth decay!

Buried beneath an ever-forming film this invisible enemy attacks enamel and destroys the part beneath. To fight decay you must remove film every day. How to do it safely.

This is what the scientist finds when he analyzes film on teeth

Lactobacilli—germs that produce lactic acid which dissolves enamel and destroys the teeth.

AT LAST the search is ended! Science has recently determined beyond all reasonable doubt the cause of tooth decay. A germ is guilty, by the forbidding name of *Lactobacillus*. This tiny rod-shaped organism lives in film on teeth. It feeds on particles of food and as it grows, it gives off lactic acid which attacks tooth surfaces. First the enamel is dissolved—then the part beneath. Finally the nerve is reached causing abscess and pain.

What to do

To fight the germs that cause decay, remove the film in which they live and multiply. Film clings stubbornly. Ordinary ways of brushing do not remove it satisfactorily. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking.

To remove film is the primary purpose of the scientific tooth paste, Pepsodent. Recently a revolutionary material was discovered that offers new advantages in removing film. It differs radically from any used in other tooth pastes.

SAFE—polishes enamel

This new material stands unique in removing stubborn film—it retards the formation of new film by polishing tooth surfaces so smoothly that it is difficult for film to cling. As it polishes enamel, it gives a new and sparkling *glaze*.

The materials in some tooth pastes are so hard they scratch enamel. But the new material in Pepsodent is soft—twice as soft as the material commonly used in other dentifrices. Hence it is absolutely *safe*.

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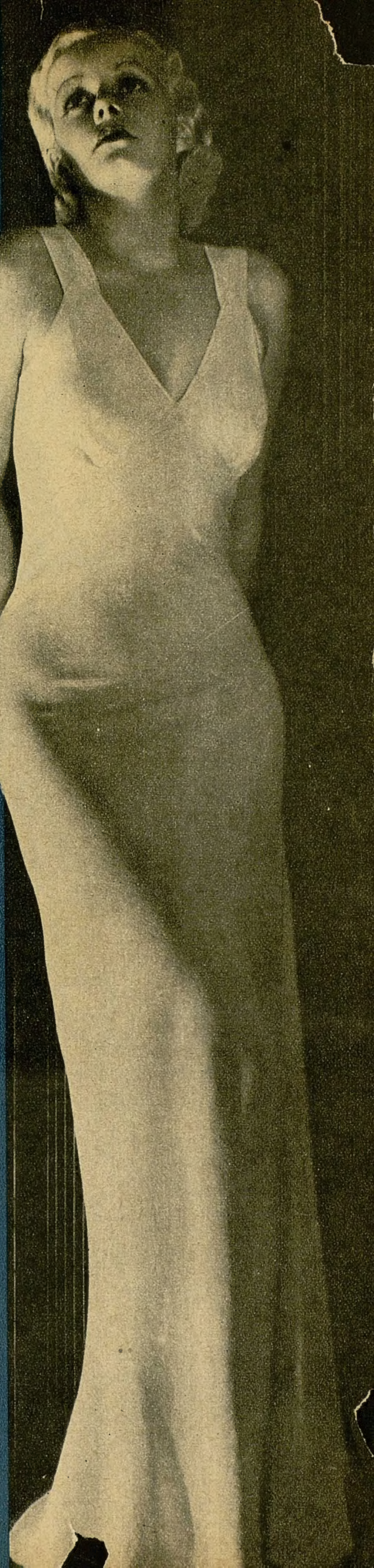
Jean HARLOW TELLS The Inside Story

For the First Time the Platinum Venus of the Screen Explains the Mystery of Her Husband's Suicide

By

ADELA
ROGERS
ST. JOHNS



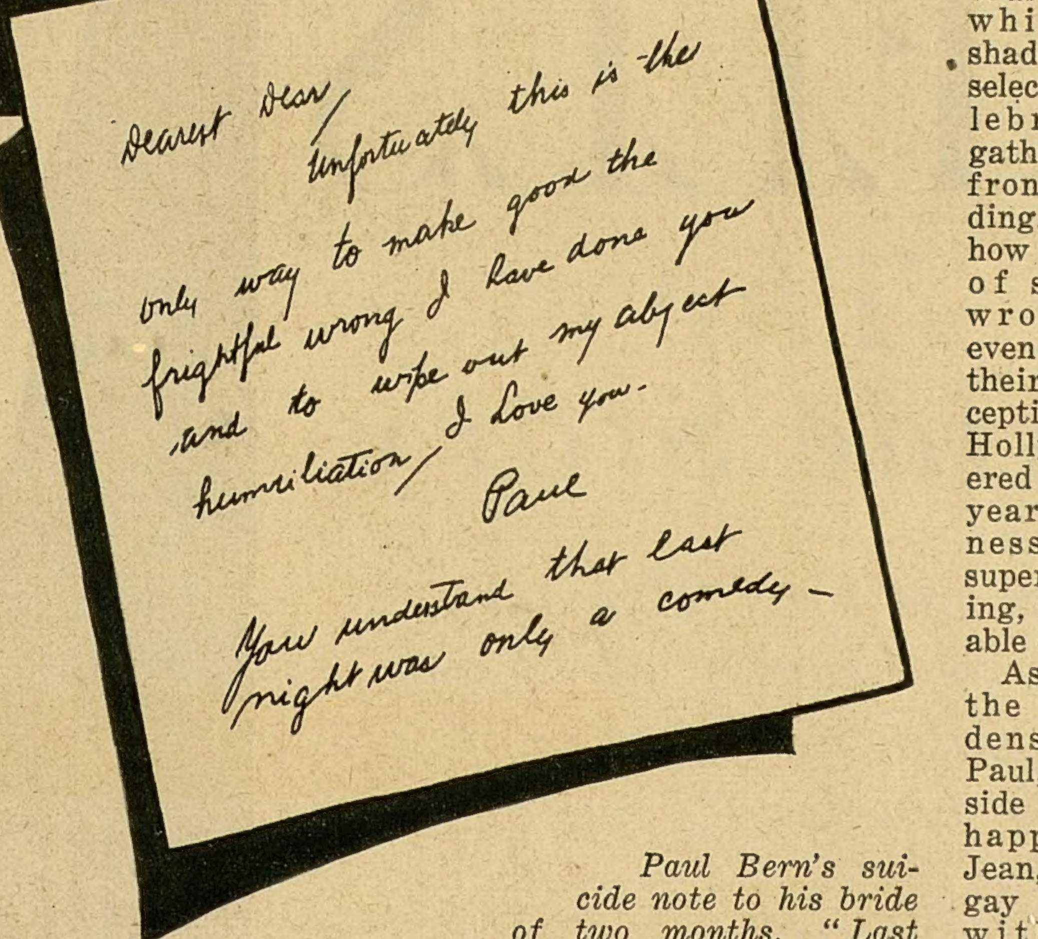
(Reading time: 25 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the first interview given by Jean Harlow since they came to tell her that she was no longer a bride but a widow. Within my fifteen years' experience nothing has ever rocked Hollywood as did the suicide of Paul Bern two months after his marriage to the famous platinum blonde.

A cultured mind with flashes of genius had made him a power in the executive realm of the world of motion pictures. Still, there are many executives and many strange things happen to them. But Paul Bern was the best loved man in Hollywood. Wherever sorrow, scandal, illness, poverty, or death struck in the movie world, there you would find gentle, soft-voiced little Paul Bern with open hand and open heart. They called him the

M. G. M. photos

Jean Harlow and Paul Bern as they looked at the time of their marriage, which troubled all Hollywood.



Dearest dear/
Unfortuately this is the
only way to make good the
frightful wrong I have done you
and to wipe out my abject
humiliation/ I Love you.
Paul
You understand that last
night was only a comedy –

Paul Bern's suicide note to his bride of two months. “Last night was only a comedy”—what did he mean?

“little father confessor” of Hollywood.

When word flashed forth upon a holiday to the movie folk at play that this man, newly-wed husband of the spectacular and bizarre Jean Harlow, had been found in their honeymoon house with a bullet through his head and his own gun in his hand, Hollywood suffered such a shock of grief, horror, and bewilderment as none of its many sensations has ever equaled.

Beside his small nude body was found a note to his wife Jean Harlow, his last and only word to the world he had chosen to leave:

> Dearest Dear—Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humiliation. I Love you. Paul
>
> You understand that last night was only a comedy—

Following within a few hours the fact and manner of Paul's passing, that note was a horror.

The eyes of Hollywood—the eyes of the world—turned upon Jean Harlow.

The eyes of Hollywood, which had looked up to Paul almost with reverence, now looked coldly at his widow. Hard-boiled, frank-spoken, cocky Jean Harlow, with her voluptuous body and her twenty-four-sheet hair that had created a world fashion.

The eyes of the world, familiar with the home-wrecking harlot of Red-Headed Woman and the half-nude seductress of Hell's Angels, looked accusingly at Jean Harlow.

The storm broke.

The newspapers of the world, with all their power and ingenuity, hammered at her door demanding an explanation of that note. Reporters surrounded her mother's home for twenty-four hours a day. Studio officials, torn between their affection for Paul Bern and the loyalty they owed their own star, begged her to speak. The police turned the full force of their department upon finding a motive for the most mysterious suicide of a decade.

Jean Harlow was silent.

“I tell you all, you're bound to fall—for a—red-headed woman!”

Like the mocking song of Pagliacci, the sexy, naughty rhythm of that tune from her latest picture seemed to echo through her silence.

Beyond question, her career as a motion-picture star trembled in the balance. Did she know it?

She is one of the smartest girls in Hollywood.

NO one in Hollywood was very happy about the marriage of Paul Bern and Jean Harlow. “Those two are going to be married? Oh, no! Why—I can't believe it!”

Perhaps it was the difference in their ages. Forty-two and twenty-one. Perhaps they did not seem suited, the quiet thinker and the screen siren.

But it was more than that. Some hunch you couldn't explain, which cast a shadow over the select group of celebrities who gathered at their front-page wedding. I remember how that feeling of something wrong clouded even the day of their wedding reception, when all Hollywood gathered to wish them years of happiness. It was a superstitious feeling, not a reasonable one.

As we roamed the lovely gardens, watching Paul, almost beside himself with happiness, and Jean, proud and gay and touched with some of Paul's own gentleness, none of us dreamed that the first act of a tragedy had already been played—upon their wedding night.

Why—why—why?

Why did Paul Bern kill himself?

Did he that night, worn with care, miserable in this pass to which he had brought them, threaten to leave her forever, to leave Hollywood and all its works and spend the rest of his life in some distant hermitage, even in some monastery? He had suggested such a course to a friend not long before. He had just had his passport renewed. Did he believe that was the only way out for him? And then change his mind and decide death was preferable?

Or did his abject humiliation trace in part to the fact that his charities, his pensioners, his extravagances had brought him to the brink of financial disaster and forced him to borrow money from his wife even during their honeymoon? There can be no question that he was worried to death about money and that many people in Hollywood held notes signed by Paul Bern. The house which he deeded to Jean Harlow was mortgaged almost to its face value.

After two months of marriage with the girl he had wooed and worshiped for three years, what made this

The Jean Harlow the world has known—" Hollywood's screen bad woman."

man put a gun to his head and pull the trigger?

Because the motion-picture people respected him, they sought frantically to know why life had grown insupportable to Paul. It was natural that they should demand the answer from the woman into whose hands he had committed his happiness.

But that answer was not given them.

From her silence was born suspicion. Mystery grew, and bred ugly rumors.

In the first hours, hysteria tore her loose from the very moorings of sanity. The ceaseless pressure of the attempt to uncover a motive must have been like a third degree to her.

BEHIND that subtle, tantalizing note, Jean Harlow fought a bitter battle—and lost the first round.

Not from her came the explanation of his " abject humiliation." If they wanted to think she was responsible for that humiliation, let them think so. Not from her lips came the poor, pitiful secret of her marriage.

"I don't know what the note means," she said, and stuck to it doggedly.

It was the medical men who revealed the fact that Jean Harlow could have been a wife in name only. It was the autopsy—the coroner's inquest—which dragged forth the fact that Paul Bern could never have consummated their marriage.

I remembered long ago, when Paul Bern wanted to marry Barbara La Marr. I remembered that Barbara said to me, " If I married Paul, he'd kill himself in six months."

You see, I knew long ago all that the doctors told in spite of Jean's furious, hysterical efforts to prevent their speaking.

Barbara La Marr refused to marry Paul Bern. In confidence, which until this day I have never violated, she told me why.

Barbara was a woman of the world, who knew life and men. She saw no possibility of a happy union built upon mental and spiritual companionship only. And Barbara knew when they discussed a possible marriage what Jean Harlow discovered only when she had been three days a bride.

But surely—surely—Jean Harlow too was a woman of the world. Married at sixteen to young Charles Fremont McGrew III of Chicago, and divorced from him three years later. A success in pictures while still in her teens. The girl who could play the red-headed woman as she played it? A girl who had trouped all over the country in theaters on a personal-appearance tour?

I said something like that to a man in Hollywood who has the reputation of much experience with women and who knows Jean well. " Don't kid yourself," he said. " Most of that's bluff. I know a lot of girls in Hollywood that talk awful wise and if you put a hand on them they'd jump out of a taxi. Who was the sweetest guy ever lived in this town?. Louis Wolheim. Who is the saddest man you know? Charlie Chaplin. Who's the girl you'd be most afraid to trust with your husband? I won't mention any name, but she plays sweet young things. You ought to know better than to take surface stuff like that. Harlow's straight as they come—and, like a lot of folks that play tough, she's an impassioned idealist underneath. I'm giving you straight dope." So " the frightful injustice I have done you " had been explained.

Some of Jean Harlow's ecstatic defenders went the limit and began to say that Paul Bern had left an innocent woman crucified upon the cross of his suicide. But there were others who still thought of that fatal postscript: " You understand that last night was only a comedy." Surely *that* must refer to some one thing, to some one act that had sent Paul Bern over the great divide!

Only Jean Harlow could explain that.

I WAS thinking of that line as I drove to her house to talk with her. She had sent me word that she would be glad to have me come for dinner. No one else, except her family and her legal advisers, had talked with her.

As my car drove along Sunset Boulevard I found that I was thinking of Dorothy Millette. The great white gates of the Los Angeles Country Club swept by as we swung into Grand View Drive. In a moment I would be talking to Jean Harlow—and still I was thinking of Dorothy Millette.

The unknown woman who had crept out of Paul Bern's past when he was dead. The woman he had introduced as " my wife Dorothy " and in whose favor he had once made a will and to whom he had sent large checks regularly for ten years. Everything about her was vague and inscrutable to me. The Algonquin Hotel in New York. A sanitarium for mental cases. Red hair—red hair going gray.

'The platinum blonde—the spectacular Jean, with her twenty-four-sheet hair that created a world fashion."

Gray dresses. San Francisco—a trunk—a suitcase—a night boat to Sacramento.

She had borne the man's name—legally or illegally—and she had gone to join him in death. Silent to the end as Jean Harlow herself. Two women joined in silence above the grave of the man who had called them wife. Dorothy Millette would never speak now. The cold waters of the river had silenced her forever.

But Jean Harlow could still speak if she would.

The house which belongs to Jean's mother and stepfather, that house from which she had gone forth a bride, was set upon a small hill, its peaked roof reaching toward a darkening sky. As I walked up flight after flight of stone steps, I thought of my friend Paul Bern and of the times he must have run up those steps with happiness ahead.

PAUL had been my friend a good many years. How often I had crossed his trail as he went about his missions of charity and consolation!

Yet there were deep, dark tides in Paul Bern's soul.

Strange little man. He told me once that he was twelve years old before he knew what it was to have enough to eat and that his childhood was haunted by his little brothers and sisters crying for food.

How much of the suffering he attempted to console had he absorbed? For all his charity and his brilliance, he was cursed with a morbid curiosity about death and suffering. He insisted on wearing every crown of thorns that he saw. Hypersensitive, introspective, his masculine vanity must have been an open wound. *He* knew his own tragedy. Was that why he sought out and was seen with exotic women famous for their sex appeal? Barbara La Marr—Joan Crawford—Estelle Taylor—Nita Naldi—Jetta Goudal—Mabel Normand—Jean Harlow.

He loved Barbara.

Beyond all question, he loved Jean.

But I wondered, as the doorbell sent a peal through the still house, if the others had been as much a secret gratification of his man-pride as either platonic friendships or sentimental affairs.

A colored man opened the door. I found myself in a charming, simple home. There was a fire in the grate and bowls of roses from the garden.

Jean's mother, Mrs. Bello, came to meet me. Easy to see where Jean gets her beauty and her famous platinum hair. Then came Jean's stepfather, Marino Bello, whom the mother married in New York a few years ago after her divorce from the Kansas City dentist who was Jean's father.

He has figured much in this case. It was difficult, almost impossible to impose silence upon him. A handsome Italian with iron-gray hair, speaking still with a decided accent. Just a little bit of a dandy. Exuberant, emotional. "Had I known of this other woman—this Dorothy Millette—Jean would have married Paul Bern over my dead body." He loves Jean, he wants to defend her, and it is hard for him to understand the gag which Jean's stern little hand has placed in his mouth.

"The baby will be down in just a moment," said Mrs. Bello.

Marino Bello went to the foot of the stairs and called, "Baby!"

Then Jean Harlow came down the wide, carpeted stairs.

She wore creamy-white pyjamas and a soft, woolly white sweater up around her throat. Her hair shone in the soft light. We sat down and began to speak, and it seemed quite easy and natural, as though I had merely come to dine with these charming people.

It seemed like that until, for the first time, I looked into Jean's eyes.

THEN I remembered what Victor Fleming, who is directing Jean's present picture, Red Dust, told me.

"She came back," he said, "to carry on. She knew darn' well that Paul's—absence had left the studio in an awful hole. She knew how Irving Thalberg had depended upon Paul. So she came back—sort of to make up as much as she could for all the—trouble."

The first day he thought she was all right. He gave her some comedy scenes to do. He thought—dear Vic, who pretends to be a tough guy and is a sentimental baby—that comedy might be easier than big dramatic stuff. So Jean Harlow came back to play comedy scenes, half naked, in a barrel.

"Being a trouper," Vic said, "she went through with it. Said she didn't want to inconvenience the rest of us!"

Vic thought the scenes were great. Then they looked at the rushes. From the screen stared out at them the stark darkness of real suffering in the eyes of Jean Harlow.

"She could control everything but her eyes," Vic said. "She couldn't keep that under—any more than she could have counterfeited it."

So they had to reshoot those scenes; Jean had to play them over and over again, until that stark grief was hidden by the laughter of an actress.

Then they gave her dramatic scenes to do with Clark Gable.

"More guts than most men," Clark told me. "Went on working—trying not to hold us up—and then all of a sudden crumpled down on the floor in a dead faint. Scared me to death. Went down like a prize fighter that's been hit right on the button."

There is no question but that Jean Harlow won the complete respect and sympathy of her own lot—which had also been Paul's—by her dignity and her sincerity in those first days. The sentiment had been a little hostile at first. Now they'd fight you at the drop of a hat if you suggested anything against her.

We sat down to dinner. We talked as people talk at dinner tables. Of restaurants in New York and San Francisco. Of the days when Jean and her mother and stepfather were on the road, while Jean made personal appearance. "You know, they try out all their new engineers on those short jumps," Jean said, and smiled.

Mr. Bello and I exchanged recipes. He is, his wife and daughter told me, a famous cook. "If it had not been so, I should many times have go hungry," said Marino with his flashing smile.

Jean's mother told me that, the day before, Jean's dressing-room door banged open and Marie Dressler came in and took the girl in her arms and said, "Keep your chin up. It's in times like these that you show what you're made of. I wouldn't have expected so much courage of such a kid. I'm with you, dear."

It all seemed natural. Then I noticed that when Jean was speaking she sat too still, only her hands smoothing the tablecloth, moving a glass back and forth. It was hard, after that, to eat and talk naturally.

After dinner Jean said simply, "Would you care to come upstairs?"

We went alone together to the lovely room. The long windows were covered with rose satin. Across the bed was thrown a cover of ivory velours. There were shaded lamps and pretty things of silver and enamel. A room for "the baby" made with loving hands.

The room where they brought her the news that shattered her new-found happiness and where for a brief hour she screamed and begged to join him. As she sat there, both of us on low stools, I seemed to hear that frantic moan: "Is he gone? Is he gone? Is he really gone?"

The pretty room where she and her bridegroom used to come to pay a visit to mother. The room where she put on her bridal veil and, two months later, the widow's weeds that hid her from the mobs at Paul's funeral.

PLAINLY, she funked speaking of her trouble. But she went at it directly, with a sort of bulldog courage.

"It is only fair," she said, "that I should talk to you and through you to many others. I have asked the public to accept me. They have a right to hear what I have to say."

The Bern-Harlow wedding party. From left to right, Jean's stepfather Marino Bello, the bride and groom, and John Gilbert, who was best man.

She was very grave, incredibly young. In a firm little voice she said, "Paul's death came to me like a bolt out of a serene heaven. If Marino were to walk up those stairs this moment and tell me my mother had shot herself, I couldn't be more—oh, surprised is so inadequate a word! I had no warning, no reason to think of such a thing.

"We were so happy."

Happy?

That first night, when he tucked her in bed and kissed her tenderly and left her.

That second night, after their wedding reception, when he was so gentle and kind and said, "You have had a hard day. Dream sweetly."

And that third night when she knew at last that she could never be a wife to the man she had pledged herself to for life.

I spoke of the note. Of the frightful wrong he had done her and the abject humiliation which only death could wipe out.

"I have never seen that note," she said. "I know its contents, of course, but it has not been given to me."

Suddenly her mouth was hard and bitter. She held herself rigidly. Perhaps she was seeing those intimate last words, that were like a cry from his tormented spirit to her for understanding and forgiveness, blazoned upon the front page.

"Paul knew that didn't make any difference," she said very slowly. "He knew I loved him. I made him know it didn't matter."

There came back to me the words she had said to his own doctor when the truth first lay before her: "Make Paul understand that it doesn't matter. I love him for his brilliance and his kindness and his dear companionship. I will be loyal and faithful to him as long as I live."

I wonder if any man can be made to understand that a woman is big enough to love like that? Certainly Paul Bern was not made to.

So we came to that mysterious final sentence in which must lie the key to this Hollywood tragedy: "You understand that last night was only a comedy."

"I do not understand—I do not know what he meant by that," she said.

Slim, white, haggard, the youthful beauty of her face marred by great black circles beneath her brilliant eyes, she faced me as she had faced the rest of the world.

Does not understand?

Of course she understands.

Does not know?

Of course she knows.

I believed then and I believe now that Jean Harlow was lying—that she was telling the magnificent, splendid lie of a loving woman. I believe that Jean Harlow will go to her grave with that lie.

The gallant attempt of Hollywood's screen bad woman to hide behind her skirts the reputation of "the best man in Hollywood" had already failed in part.

The impersonal forces of the law, the exact, cold science of medical men, had dragged the secret of that shame which had driven her husband to death from behind the screen of her own silence. Paul Bern by the illegal act of suicide had placed himself beyond her power of concealment, had betrayed what she would have paid any price to keep secret.

HER suffering under that revelation, under the horrid exposure of the man she loved, was what any woman's must have been.

And now? She sat silent, staring at me, through me, beyond me. Was she seeing that "comedy" which she says she does not know about? What had happened to them to tear down so suddenly their temple of love?

Did he feel, in some sweet, romantic moment, an impulse to make her his wife—"and they twain shall be one flesh"? Did he fail again and taste once more the shame of that "frightful wrong" he had done her?

Was he driven by some inner self-torture, some twisted mental imagining, to threaten her very life, or, in a moment of insanity such as comes to a man like that, to attempt to hurt the woman he could not possess? And did she, shocked from her idealistic dream by the first sight of this pitiful madness, run from him in fear, that dreadful fear that comes when you see someone you love change before your very eyes?

Where was Paul Bern on the Saturday night before he killed himself? Was that, rather than Sunday, what he meant by "last night"?

He dined in a bungalow at the Ambassador. Is it possible, as Jean's mother believes, that Dorothy Millette was there with him? Is it possible that she was really

Mrs. Paul Bern and that her poor brain, already in the grip of dementia præcox, evolved some threat which menaced the happiness of Paul's new wife, and that Paul believed his death would render that threat ineffectual? Or is it possible that the "comedy" was some meeting between Jean Harlow and Dorothy Millette?

"Did you ever meet Dorothy Millette?" I asked.

"I never even heard of her until—after Paul was gone," she said. "Why should I? It was not my affair."

"You didn't see her in San Francisco in August?"

"I never saw her."

Paul had talked to her about Barbara La Marr, had told her how wonderful Barbara was. "And he told me," Jean said, with a very little smile, "that Mabel Normand was too big for ordinary people to understand."

Yet he never mentioned Dorothy Millette. Was that another brave lie, on her part, to help her shield the memory of the man? Or had there been some special reason why Paul Bern did not mention Dorothy Millette?

Nor did Jean Harlow tell me then what I found out later—that she sent the money to insure that Dorothy Millette should be properly buried, after they rescued her body from the river.

"Is it very difficult for you to speak of Paul?" I said. "Do you mind if I speak of him?"

She gave me a long, clear look. She said, "I sometimes wonder in all this if anybody realizes that I have lost my husband."

After a silence she continued:

"I am trying to carry on. What else can you do but carry on? The vital thing to me is that Paul is gone. I am trying to force myself not to think and think and wonder why, because that way lies insanity."

I do not know why just there I asked her if she wanted children.

"More than anything in the world," she said. "I had planned to adopt a baby this year. But now mother thinks I had better wait. Didn't someone once say that a woman who has never borne a child is like a ship that has never been to sea?"

She had been going to adopt a baby. There would have been no babies of her own in that amazing marriage.

Very slowly she went over the events leading up to the fatal moment.

"Friday night we dined at home with Willis Goldbeck. When I am working I go to bed at nine o'clock. So I left them. We were—quite happy.

"I worked Saturday. In the afternoon they told me I would have to work that night. So I telephoned Paul—who was working at home on scripts—and asked him to come over and we could run out somewhere close by for dinner. He said he would come; but he did not, so when I was through working I called him again.

"He said"—the clear, steady voice broke and she pieced it together again—"he said that if mother and father were with me he would not come, as he had something he really ought to do.

"He did not tell me what it was.

"I telephoned that night from the set, but there was no answer. Because it was dark and lonely in the cañon where we lived, I did not want to go home until he was there. So I went home to mother's.

"We sat talking and I phoned two or three times. I had to work the next day—Sunday—because Monday was Labor Day. So I decided I had better go to bed at mother's. Just before I was ready to turn out the light, I phoned again. The servants answered. They said the phone had been out of order, they thought, as they had been there all evening. Paul had just come in, and in a moment he answered. I told him I would come home right away. I wanted to be with him. But he said it was late—I would lose an hour's sleep—and for me to stay there. He promised—he promised—to come to see me on the set early the next morning.

"But he didn't come.

"On Sunday I had an early call. At noon I telephoned and the servants said Paul was still asleep. He often slept late on Sundays. He worked so hard. So I went straight home when I got through work that afternoon. He was still in bed, reading.

"He was glad to see me. We were going to have dinner at home.

"Then I remembered that Marino was leaving very early that morning, about three o'clock, and that mother would be alone. She's afraid to stay alone. So I said he'd been in the house all day, and wouldn't it be fun to pack up the dinner and have the servants take it over to mother's? He said that would be fine. So I told them. But at the last minute he said he wanted to finish the script he was reading and for me to have the servants take me over and he would drive himself over within an hour. He kissed me good-by. He said, 'See you in a little while, dear.'

"But he never came.

"When I called him, he said he was worried—he was behind in his work—but that as he didn't want mother to be alone I was to stay there and keep the servants. He said, 'Tomorrow is a holiday, and we'll have a beautiful day.' So I told him good night and that I loved him. And I went to bed—and to sleep.

"Then, the next morning, Monday morning, the servants went home to get things straightened up first, and while I was dressing—they called and told me."

If there was anything left unsaid in that story, Jean Harlow will never say it now.

"You really loved him?" I said.

"Why else should I marry him? You see, we were such *friends*—we were such *friends*."

And do you know, I had the most amazing, the clearest picture of those two *being* friends. I pictured them sitting together before a fire, hand in hand; and it was almost as though I heard Paul's gentle voice reading beautiful words, and saw his hand upon her fair hair. And all the time, crouching in the corner, the Beast that would not let him rest, crouching, waiting to destroy those two good friends.

Now where, I ask you, does one get pictures like that?

"And you still love him?"

I asked that because I find that there are now many people in Hollywood who have come to feel that Paul's suicide was an unmanly act. I wondered if any sense of resentment, of bitterness, had come to Jean Harlow.

"You know I do," she said. "If you really love anyone, you never stop loving them, do you? I had three wonderful years of Paul's love. I shall always have my memories."

Her mother came in and put her to bed as though she were a baby. Marino came up to kiss her good night.

We went downstairs and left her alone in the darkness. I did not know she was so small until I saw her alone in that bed. Sorrow seems to shrink women.

Mrs. Bello came to the door with me.

She said: "We thought he was the most wonderful man in the world. He loved her so. I thought they were perfectly happy. Do you know she never told even me of—of the circumstances of her marriage? She has the most beautiful, loyal nature. It is difficult for me, as her mother, to understand how people can be so unfair as to judge her by the parts she plays."

We said good night.

As she took my hand, our eyes met. Mine were sad for her and for that girl upstairs, alone with her memories.

The mother said, "There is something I *wish* I could tell you. But I cannot—now or ever."

The door closed. I stood alone in the night. I said aloud: "Paul, the debts many women owed you for your kindness, your charity, have been paid. I guess you're about even now, as far as womanhood goes."

THE END

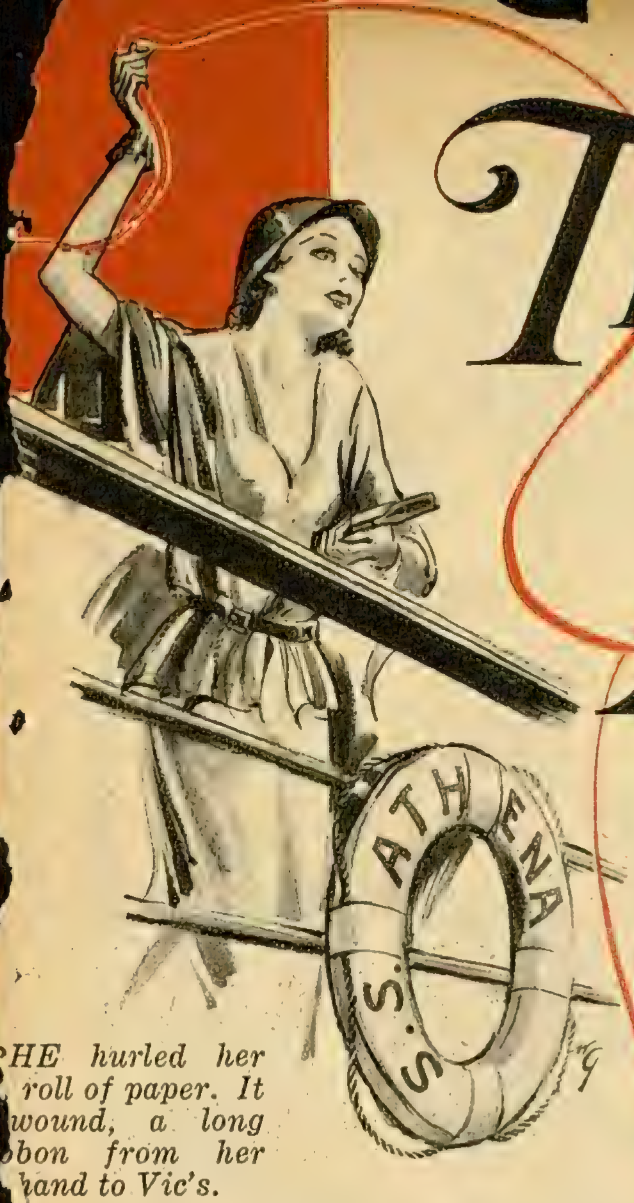
THREE Men AT Once

A Jolt for Beulah—Trying to Sail Away from Cupid—Sad Little Voyager—He Didn't See Her and She Didn't See Him

By

ELMER DAVIS

Pictures by WILL GRAVEN



SHE hurled her roll of paper. It wound, a long bon from her hand to Vic's.

(Reading time: 24 minutes 30 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Beulah Malotte's adventurous week-end at sea. Beulah, a Branchville school-teacher finishing a summer course at Columbia, had a proposal and a blow. The proposal was from Vic Loring, a high-school principal; the blow was news that the Grendel National, her bank back home, had smashed. Begging the marriage issue, she decided, in spite of losses, on a cruise to Halifax. Grendel, the defunct bank's president, was persuaded that Halifax was a healthy spot for him. Vic, arriving to escort Beulah to the ship, had a suitcase! Was he, then, going to Halifax too?

PART TWO—SOULS AT SEA

"I'M going home on the midnight train," Vic explained. "Thought we'd have time to drop my suitcase at the station on the way down."

"Oh!" Beulah said; and all the long ride downtown neither of them said another word. She knew she ought to be simmering with anticipatory excitement; but somehow Vic beside her, his knee and elbow brushing hers whenever the taxi turned a corner, pulled her thoughts out of focus as a magnet deflects the needle of the compass.

But excitement came of its own accord when they reached the pier. It was a fathomless cavern—glaring lights overhead, impenetrable shadows in the background, and alive with rush and noise and a sense of things happening. Baggage trucks rattled back and forth; stewards scurried up to take your suitcases; laughing, excited people fell into a long line before the desk where the tickets were being taken.

Beulah fell in too; and as she waited she regarded her fellow passengers with the beginnings of dismay. No scenes of drunken revelry so far; none of the sinister characters Vic and Miss Matilda had predicted she'd encounter—but none, either, of the smart and glamorous persons she'd expected to see on a show-boat cruise of the world's most palatial liner. These people were the kind you could see in Brooklyn or the Bronx, or back home in Branchville. Could it be possible that nobody went on week-end cruises but people like herself—people seeking second-rate substitutes for what they couldn't afford? But then she reached the ticket desk; and a moment later she was going up the gangplank, her hand in Vic's arm, her spirits rising again.

High overhead towered a huge white superstructure, huge dark funnels. On the way to her cabin—F 56—she caught brief exciting glimpses of huge ballrooms, lounges, restaurants, decorated in a modernist riot of black and silver, of prisms and cylinders; glimpses more exciting still of chic modernist bedrooms, like none she had ever slept in in all her life. But Cabin F 56 seemed a long way off. They went down stairs and more stairs, along an endless corridor, then down in an elevator—down, down—and along another corridor only half as wide, and queer-smelling, till at last—

"My God!" said Vic. "You can't stay here!"

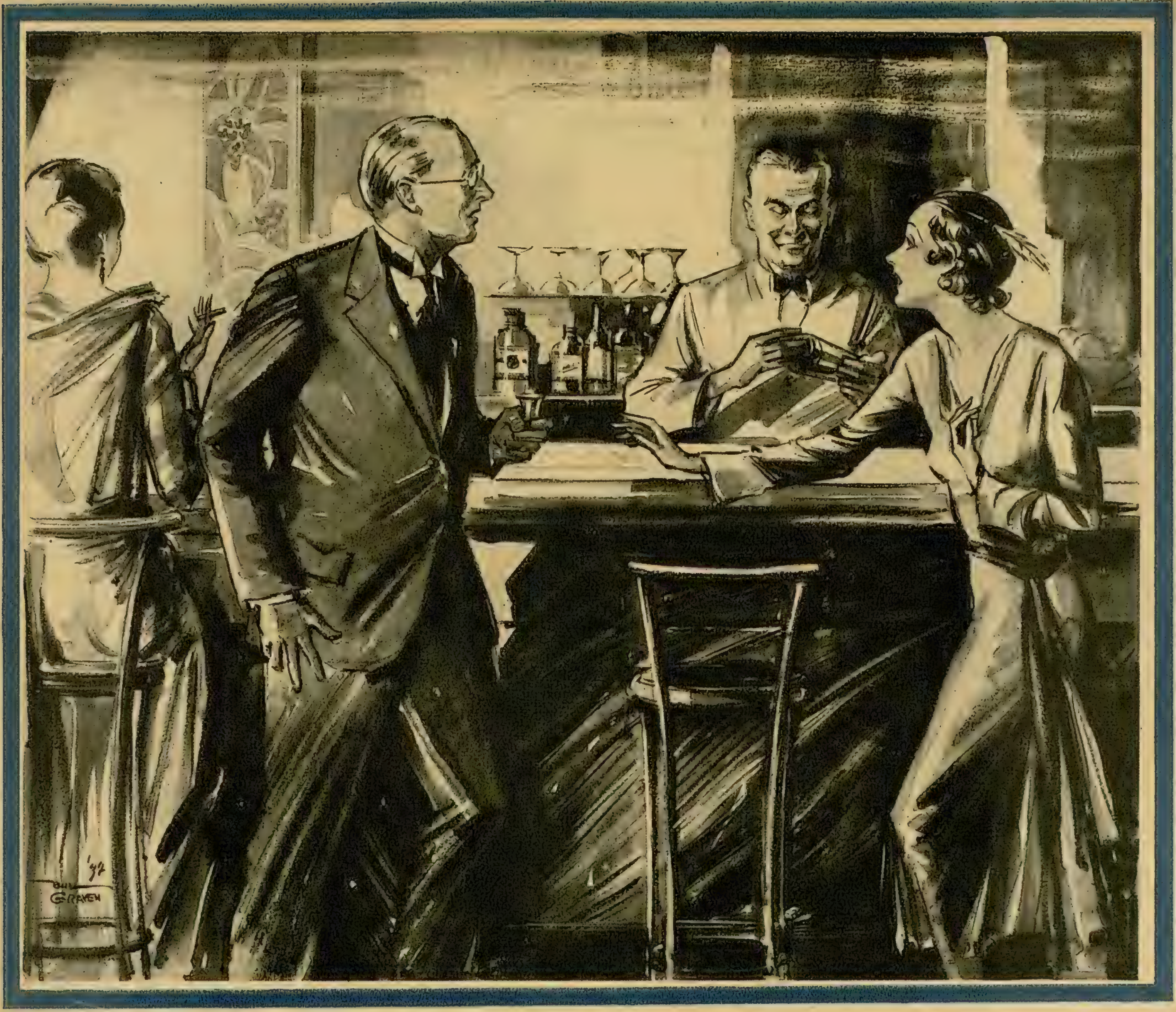
F 56 was a stuffy coop furnished with a bunk, a washbowl, a moth-eaten sofa, and shut in on all sides with bare board walls, except for a corner where a narrow passage led off somewhere. They explored it, and came presently to a porthole—shut tight and bolted.

"I suppose this makes it an outside room," he said. "And you're not five feet above the water line—"

"It's all right, Vic. I'll only sleep here."

But she wanted to cry. She'd pictured his leaving her in one of those chic little modernist rooms that suited her new clothes and her new ambitions; and now this squalid coop! If he'd taken her in his arms and told her to get out of here and come home with him— But he was busy ringing for the steward; who arrived presently, surly and reluctant, looking as if he expected nothing but unrewarded trouble from week-end travelers on F Deck. And when Vic asked him to open the porthole—

"Not allowed to, sir. You'd 'ave water all over."



"Please!" she gasped. "You didn't see me! You never saw me at all!"

"But how do people breathe in here?" Vic demanded.

"The ventilator, sir." (Its air was tepid, stale.)

"But this lady paid for first-class accommodations—"

"The 'ole ship's first-class for this cruise, sir. Ordinarily," said the steward with sullen relish, "these cabins are wot's called tourist third. But you 'ave the freedom of the first-class saloons—"

"Aren't any other cabins vacant, that they put her in here?"

"'Undreds of them, no doubt, sir. I've 'eard that some very desirable suites on A Deck 'aven't been taken. A thousand dollars and up."

"Get out of here!" said Vic furiously. Then, when they were alone: "Well, what are you going to do? You'd suffocate in this hole. Besides—"

She knew what he was thinking because she was thinking it too. It would be cheap, ridiculous, to emerge from this noisome burrow in clothes like hers and lounge about the ballrooms as if she belonged there. But—

"I'm going to stay," she said stubbornly.

"But it's so absurd! Economizing in the worst place—on your health and comfort—just so you can show off!"

"Well, I'm going to do it. Let's not quarrel, Vic. Let's go upstairs and see what's happening."

Things were happening, to her infinite relief. People were crowding aboard now, swarming on the stairs and in the lobbies in chattering, laughing mobs—better-looking people, better dressed; around her was that air of excitement and magnificence she'd hoped for, and even a girl who lived in F 56 could feel that she had some share in it.

Arm in arm, frankly staring, she and Vic wandered through the lounge, the ballroom, the café; the black-and-silver bar—closed, of course—with high silvered stools in front of it. Then, as they came out into a lobby, she gasped. Through a swirl in the crowd she'd seen a stocky young man in evening dress—red-faced, black-mustached—and a slim pale woman with lacquery hair, a jacket of coral velvet over her black evening gown. Real people did take week-end cruises.

SO she was feeling more optimistic when she and Vic found themselves at last high up on the boat deck, under the stars. The midtown skyscrapers loomed dim and dark against the pink night sky.

Her excitement ebbed away. They strolled slowly, silently, breathing the salt air; his arm slipped around her, and her hand clung to his shoulder.

"Did you hear what that steward said, Vic? Hundreds of vacant staterooms. Why don't you take one and come along?" All forgotten was her resolve to keep away from him till she'd regained her self-command; here under the stars she didn't care if she never regained it. She could feel him shivering; but—

"Because it's a wild idea!" he said. "All right for rich people who want to get drunk; but for people like us— To sleep in an airless coop" (it made him sick to think of it) "so you can show off your evening gowns in a ballroom seven decks above—it's so cheap, Beulah!"

He was half right—she knew it. If only she could make him see that she was half right too! But her voice was drowned by the sudden roar of the whistle beating on their ears. When it stopped at last they heard gongs beating below, shouts of "All visitors ashore!" And the gangplank was a long way off.

"Run, Vic!" she gasped. He hesitated. She flung her arms around him, kissed him as she'd never kissed him before. "Maybe when you come over to Branchville to see me we'll have sense enough not to fight. It's such a waste of time. Now hurry!"

He hurried. Slowly she went down to the promenade deck, stood at the rail, caught sight of him at last in the crowd on the pier below. He saw her, too. They waited, endless minutes they might have had together, while nothing happened. The gangplank was drawn in, and still the liner was motionless.

Stewards passed through the crowd at the rail, handing out rolls of colored paper. People threw them at the crowd below. They unwound as they spun through the air, made a tangled network of colored ribbons from ship to pier—and half a dozen news-reel cameras set to work to record this outburst of spontaneous gayety.

Beulah wasn't feeling very gay, but she hurled her roll of paper. It unwound, a long bright ribbon, straight from her hand to Vic's. She felt a pull as his hand caught it, held it—and now she wasn't quite so lonesome. But he was a long way off. What was he doing down there when she was up here? Or what was she doing up here when— But he clung to his principles; and she wasn't ready to surrender hers.

Suddenly the paper ribbon that linked their hands grew taut. The ship was moving. Slowly it moved on; the ribbon snapped. Vic's face blurred, was lost in the lights and shadows of the pier. She stood looking toward the spot where she had last seen it, a long green ribbon dangling from her hand down the ship's side. Voices behind her. She looked around at the stocky red-faced man, the woman with lacquery hair, a man with pouchy eyes.

"We might as well turn in, Madge," the pouchy one was saying. "They won't open the bar for two hours."

"Go ahead, dear, if you're sleepy. Leave my reading light, so I won't wake you when I come in. Hal and I will ramble a while."

She took the stocky young man's arm and moved away. So those two weren't married. What of it? Beulah wondered. But above the lacquery black head his eyes had met hers a moment and lingered. Now why—?

The laboring tugs pulled the Athena into midstream, turned her nose down the river. The pier was left behind now; a cool salt wind was pushing in from the sea. Beulah unwound the curling paper ribbon from her fingers, dropped it into the dark water. That was over! And what next?

THE morning sun was bright, the salt breeze crisp and bracing; the sea was calm, the huge ship steady. Yet among the week-end merrymakers happiness was not universal or unalloyed. A couple of hundred people who had come aboard at the last moment in high spirits were waking up with hangovers; and more than one of them wondered who the devil that was in the other twin bed.

And even among those who had waked cold sober there were a few who wondered just what they were doing here.

George Grendel, for instance, smoking an after-breakfast cigar on the tiny private deck shut off by the bulge of his bedroom from the deck where the common herd promenaded. Ed Bryant, who had got the tickets, who had contented himself with a modest room on the other side of the ship, had reserved for Mr. Graham Garrison a parlor suite with private deck, that cost twelve hundred dollars.

Twelve hundred dollars for three days! A man from Branchville couldn't feel easy spending money like that, even when he had it; and when that twelve hundred dollars, like every cent George Grendel possessed, belonged by rights to his depositors—

Bryant had said he ought to keep to himself—breakfast in his room, take the air on his private deck. But George Grendel, who had never been ashamed to let people see him, didn't like that. It looked—criminal. Well? He *was* a criminal! But he'd be damned if he was going to act like one before he had to. As soon as he finished this cigar he was going to the bar to buy himself a drink, whether Bryant liked it or not.

Nor was Harold Latimer—stocky, red-faced, black-mustached—happy as he marched briskly round the deck. Most of his fellow voyagers looked to his embittered eye like the sort of people you see of Sundays on the grass in Central Park. He'd told Madge Galt that you'd find that sort of people on a week-end cruise; but she said you could have plenty of fun anyway if you went in your own crowd—just a few old friends who were too poor, since the crash, to spend the summer in Paris.

But when the rest of your crowd was asleep and wouldn't appear till after lunch— He'd been a fool to go along with two married couples, as an odd man. Sara Stearns, newly married, needed no odd man; but Madge Galt had been married four years, and the attentions of an odd man might make the home fires burn a little brighter. Especially if she and the odd man were always before her husband's eyes; most especially if the odd man were Hal Latimer, who had been crazy about her till she threw him over.

BUT Madge didn't realize that you could get over any woman, even her, in four years. She thought she could still wind him around her finger as she had done when they were engaged. And he'd come along with a private resolve to teach her a lesson. If he met an unattached woman on board who was smart and attractive enough to look to Madge like a rival—

It hadn't occurred to him that the acquaintances that spring up so casually on a transatlantic trip might not have time to ripen on a week-end cruise. You'd have to make a pick-up; and the sort of girl who'd let herself be picked up—well, you'd hardly introduce her to women like Madge Galt and Sara Stearns. There were attractive women on board; but they seemed to be attached to crowds—mostly crowds of two. There were plenty of unattached women who could be picked up; they strolled about in the wrong kind of pyjamas, strumming ukuleles. But they wouldn't do.

He turned the corner of the deck and saw a girl, alone, coming toward him. She was slim and smart and electric-looking; beneath her cocky little hat he could see the smolder of ruddy hair. Why, of course; he'd seen her last night, standing alone at the rail. He'd wondered, even then—

Briskly marching, they approached each other. He looked hard at her—and met gray eyes, frigid, impassive. He strode past her with a grimace. Of course you couldn't pick up a girl like that. Probably she had a husband somewhere about, anyway; her fingers were bare, and it was the married women who didn't trouble to wear wedding rings on week-end cruises.

And Beulah Malotte, looking straight ahead, heard his footfalls receding down the deck, and knew that her trip was a failure. She'd been a fool ever to suppose it could be anything else.

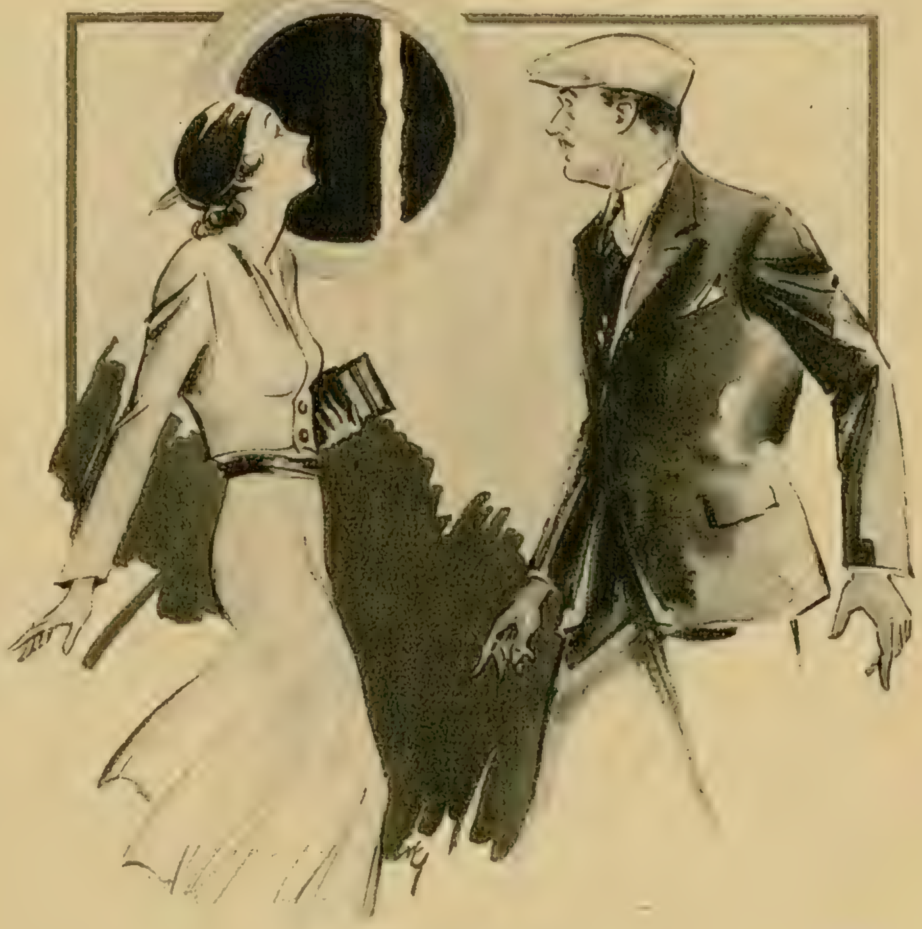
. . . . .

The night had been intolerable in that stuffy coop down by the water line. After breakfast she'd gone to the cruise director's office and bargained for one of those empty cabins. Now she had a room on C Deck, tiny but charming, with a bath, and a porthole from which you could look down on the ocean, not out at it—a real porthole that opened to let in a rush of moist salt air. It had cost fifty dollars more, and she had only ninety dollars left.

But that was all right. She had her ticket home to Branchville, and a job. Money was meant to spend for what you wanted!

But you couldn't do what you wanted, be what you wanted, unless you knew how. She'd been on hand when the dining room opened at eight (she breakfasted at seven back home) and was almost through before anybody else came in. When they came, they were the wrong kind; evidently the real people breakfasted in their rooms. She expected to see them on deck later; but now it was past eleven and few of them were in sight.

Furtively she consulted the Social Program and learned that the morning was consecrated to deck sports. She watched a little shuffleboard and deck tennis; pretty dull. Aft on the promenade deck three men were playing a sort of miniature golf. They offered her a putter, asked her to join them. Easy to make acquaintances on shipboard. She heard herself refusing—amiably but with a cool finality. Round and round the deck. A man in white linen knickers eyed her speculatively as she passed, but she looked through him as frigidly as if she were Miss Matilda Presley.



He looked hard at her—and met gray eyes, frigid, impassive.

And then, coming down the deck, she saw a stocky figure that symbolized the sort of people she wanted to know, wanted to be. He was looking hard at her; she supposed that if she made the faintest gesture— But she didn't know what sort of gesture you made to get yourself picked up, and knew she couldn't have made it anyway. Her kind of people didn't do it. Seething with chagrin, she turned into the nearest doorway. There was a library where elderly women sat writing letters or reading English weeklies; then a lounge where middle-aged women knitted or played solitaire. In the lobby beyond she studied the bulletin board. The motor tour to the quaint Evangeline country would start from the Halifax pier at eight tomorrow morning—price ten dollars. She didn't care ten dollars' worth about Evangeline.

What else was there? Dancing in the lounge this afternoon. With whom? Dancing again after dinner; vaudeville and dancing in the night club from eleven o'clock. And the social directress of the cruise would meet passengers in the lounge between twelve and one.

HERE was a way out. But if she wasn't clever enough to be her own social directress she was ashamed to let anybody else do it for her. Besides, a social directress would introduce you to people like yourself—unattached nobodies. The real people had their own crowds. A girl alone, who was too fastidious to let herself be picked up—Vic was right: this had been a crazy idea. His train must be halfway home by now, and she wished she were on it.

She crossed the lobby, found herself in the Palm Room Restaurant. At three or four tables people were drinking. In one corner was the bar, with half a dozen men leaning against it, a couple of women perched on the high silvered stools. Beulah had never bought a drink in her life; and nips from a flask in a parked car outside the country club, or even cocktails brought to the table in a New York speakeasy, didn't prepare you for the appalling publicity of a place like this. But she needed a drink; and if she were doomed to solitude she might as well live up to it. Coolly she sauntered up to the bar, perched herself on one of the high stools. The bartender paused in his mopping, looked up. "Yes, miss?"

"I think I'll have a champagne cocktail," she told him languidly.

Ten feet down the bar a florid gray-haired man jumped and looked around. Her eyes met his and popped wide open.

She didn't see the president of a ruined bank whose presence on the high seas might call for some explanation. All she saw was a man from home who might go back and tell them he'd seen a Branchville school-teacher sitting up at a bar. She slipped down from her stool, scurried to him.

"Please!" she gasped. "You didn't see me! You never saw me at all!"

He took her hands with the automatic fatherliness of an elderly politician toward a pretty girl—took them and held them, unable to say a word.

Slowly the shock her voice had given him passed off and her words began to sink in.

She'd begged him to pretend he hadn't seen her. *She* had begged *him!*

The bartender set her drink beside her.

"GIVE me another rye," said George Grendel. "Then let's take our drinks to a table, Beulah. No, no—I'm paying for them both. Can't I buy a drink for an old friend when we meet a thousand miles from home?"

It bolstered her pride that a man was buying a drink for her on this cruise, even if it was only old Mr. Grendel from back home. Not that he was much over fifty; and he'd called her an old friend, not an old friend's daughter. But it wasn't so many years since he'd given her lollipops. He gulped down his rye; then—

"Why didn't I see you?" he asked, a little embarrassed.

"I'm a school-teacher. Vulnerable. If people back home knew that I'd been seen at a bar—or even in a crowd like this—"

"Why, of course." He flushed: for a moment he'd supposed she might be traveling in a party of two. As if Jim Malotte's little girl— But Jim Malotte's little girl had grown into a damned good-looking woman with such clothes as he'd never seen around Branchville. "Er—who's with you?" he asked. "Anybody I know?"

"Nobody. Nobody at all." (That was queer.)

"Of course I didn't see you, Beulah. And—" He choked over it, but it had to be said. "And you didn't see me."

"Oh! Why not? Something about the bank?"

Instantly she was ashamed of that. But men as respectable as George Grendel had looted banks; and he was on a ship bound for foreign parts.

"The bank?" He laughed at the preposterous suggestion. "Lord, no! I'm going home Monday to get that straightened out. The fact is, Beulah—" He paused. What could he say that she would believe? She smiled faintly.

"Oh, I understand. You've got a woman with you."

"Huh?" he gasped. But of course—it was the one sufficient explanation. "Er—yes," he said. "I—I hate to admit it, but—"

"I'm not a child!" she said indignantly. "Of course I didn't see you."

"Then it's a bargain." He hoped he hid his immense relief. "I didn't see you and you didn't see me. Let's have another drink on the strength of it."

She nodded. The cocktail had made her feel better, and it was more flattering to be sitting at a table in the Palm Room, having drinks bought for you, than to be wandering around, lonesome and ill at ease. He summoned a waiter, gave the order. Then, curiously:

"But what are you doing on this cruise all alone?"

She flushed. "Oh—seeing the world."

"It comes pretty high." (He didn't know you could get a cabin for fifty-five dollars.) "Surprised you could afford it."

Then he reddened. Whatever money she hadn't spent on this cruise she had in the Grendel National Bank. She'd put it there because she thought it was as safe as the Treasury.

"About the bank," he said. "Every cent I've got will go to make good the shortage. No depositor will lose a dollar." (And what a lie that was!) "But it takes time to liquidate a bank. How much did you have on deposit, Beulah?"

"Not very much. Three hundred and eleven dollars."

"I expect you need it, don't you? And you need it now, not when the receiver's ready to pay off. Tell you what I'll do. You give me your check for that money—date it back a few days, before the bank was closed—and I'll cash it for you right now." (He'd tear it up afterward.)

His wallet was out; she saw the golden gleam of big bills. But—

"That wouldn't be fair, would it?" Her gray eyes were rather stern. "To pay off one depositor ahead of the others?"

"This isn't the bank paying off a depositor. It's George Grendel personally cashing a check on a bank he knows is sound."

She pondered. She certainly needed that money, with only ninety dollars left; and those gold-gleaming bills were tempting. But— "No, thanks," she said. "I'll wait with all the rest of them."

Shrugging, he put away his wallet—and looked past her to see Bryant in the doorway of the Palm Room, watching them. Hastily he got up.

"Got to go, Beulah. I hope we can—" Then he remembered. "I mean," he amended, "I wish we could—But you see how it is."

"Of course. Good-by. I never saw you and you never saw me!"

Alone at the table, she finished her drink less happily than she had started it. No reason why he shouldn't have a woman with him; no reason why she shouldn't be here. Still, it made her feel a little smudgy, that they weren't telling on each other. And she didn't like his offering to cash that check—as if he thought he had to buy her silence.

And he'd seemed sorry that he couldn't buy more drinks for her. Maybe he wasn't getting along with the woman who accompanied him. But what could a man like George Grendel expect, with some girl he'd probably picked up at a night club?

He was Beulah's kind of people, too; and she was beginning to suspect that a week-end cruise was no place for them.

"PICKED up a girl?" said Ed Bryant. "That's risky, George."

"That wasn't a pick-up. Only a girl from back home."

"What's she doing here?"

Grendel told him—told him everything; and Bryant was thoughtful.

"You got a break, George, when she had that idea about the woman. Only now you'll have to keep to your suite; she'd think it was queer if she saw you around, and no woman with you. But it was a dumb play to try to pay her off—especially as she wouldn't take it. That looks bad. How well do you know this girl, George?"

"Why, I've known her all her life. Haven't seen much of her of late years—I've been away from home so much—"

"She dresses suspiciously well for a school-teacher. And this story of her being all alone on a cruise where nobody else is alone— She might be working for Stannard—a shadow we didn't shake off."

"Beulah Malotte? A detective? Ridiculous!"

"Maybe," Bryant agreed. "I'm going down to lunch; but you have yours sent up to your suite. You've got to live up to your story."

Grendel went off rather glumly. If he hadn't had to live up to his story he could have lunched with Beulah, and maybe dated her up for some dancing this evening. Damned pretty she'd grown to be—sophisticated, too. She liked a drink, and she thought it was perfectly natural that he had a woman with him. Queer, though, her being all alone.

Before Ed Bryant went to lunch he stopped at the radiotelephone office. He disliked to leave a trail of telephone calls when he was superintending a get-away; but this was something W. W. Parr ought to know about.

AT lunch Beulah wondered where she had ever got the idea that interesting people sat beside you on shipboard. Some of her neighbors had nothing to say; and those who would have gone briskly into an acquaintance weren't the kind she wanted to bother with.

No, she told herself as she went up on deck afterward; she didn't care whether she met anybody on this cruise or not. She could amuse herself, breathe the salt air—

She breathed it in a deck chair till she was sick with boredom. She didn't want another drink now, and there was no point in walking around the deck. She walked a while, none the less; turned into the library, and turned away again, furiously vowing that she wouldn't shut herself up with the old women. Because she could think of nothing else to do, she started back to her room—and halted on the stairs, listening to the muffled shouts and splashings that came up from below. Two women in beach pyjamas passed her, their bare feet silent on the rubber flooring.

Why, of course! She'd forgotten the swimming pool.

. . . . . .

"The fatter they are the less they wear," said Madge Galt.

"The women," Sara Stearns amended. "With the men, it's the furrier."

"I don't see that you two are overdressed," said Hal Latimer pointedly. "And you could sell testimonials to any reducing institute."

They stood, dripping, on the edge of the pool. In the water swarmed hairy men and fat women, most of them amazingly good swimmers. They streaked back and forth, whipping the surface almost to a froth.

"I've had enough of this madhouse," Madge observed. "Let's all go up to the bar." Sara Stearns turned to follow her.

"Go ahead," Latimer told them. "I'll take a few more dives."

He went to the springboard, looked casually up. On the balcony at the other end of the pool a girl was shedding royal-blue pyjamas. She climbed on the railing, stood poised in front of the sign NO DIVING FROM THE BALCONY—slim in a sky-line bathing suit that was next to nothing. The fool! he thought—she'll break her neck. A twenty-foot dive into the shallow end—and the pool full of people!

Does Beulah's dive end in disaster? If she lands safely, what is in store for her on shipboard? Follow her adventures in next week's installment of the story.

Next Week—

JAPAN'S NEW THREAT TO THE UNITED STATES

by

COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY

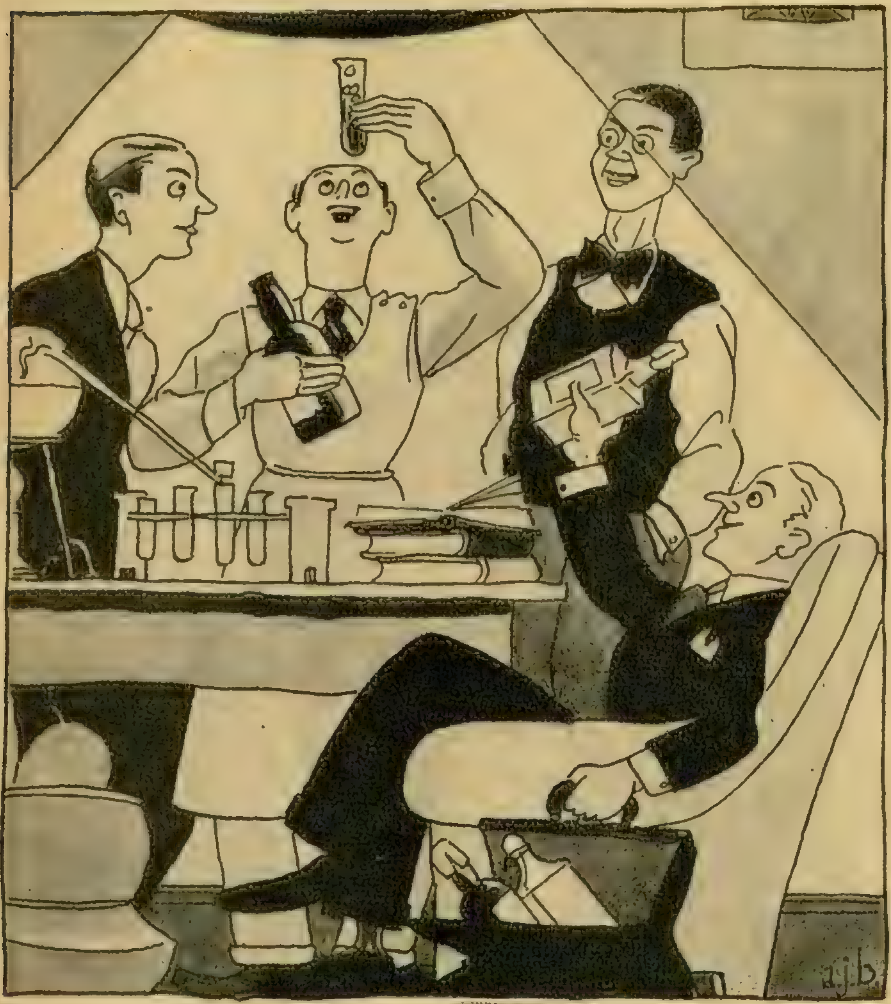
A Russian observer sees the next World War—a life-and-death struggle between the races—thrust upon us now or later, and points out a way to avert it

Also

stories and articles by

Beatrice Grimshaw—Prince Aage of Denmark—Joseph Campbell—Charles Hyskell—Guy Gilpatric—"Big Bill" Edwards

Just to Prove How Easy It Is to Buy a Drink in College



University liquor has to be the McCoy—not for flavor but for chemical purity.

(Reading time: 10 minutes 40 seconds.)

Editor's Note: The campus legger, as he calls himself, is known to Mr. Brooks as "one of the outstanding figures connected with a large Eastern university," and Mr. Brooks is satisfied that his story, as told in this article, is the absolute truth.

ONLY a high-class legger can work around a college, and a lady legger can't make the grade, no matter how high-class she is. Three or four of them have tried it here. They were lookers, too. But the boys wouldn't buy from them and they had to angle back where they came from.

College students don't like to admit they're broke—not to a swell gal, anyway.

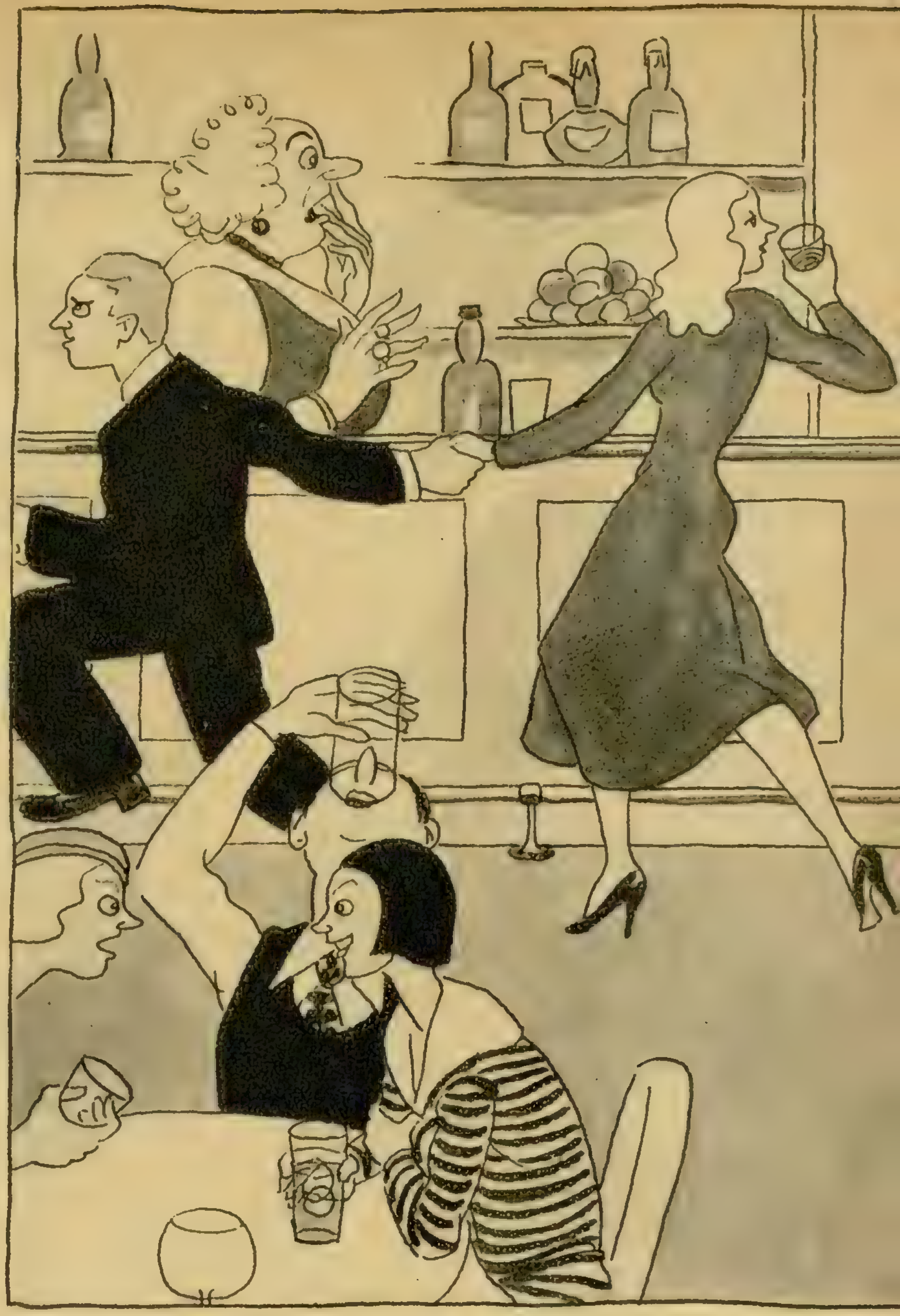
There *are* a couple of ladies in town who make a living with their beer flats. They're older, kind of motherly dames—women you wouldn't hesitate to go to yourself and ask for a drink if you were busted but thirsty.

An ordinary lady legger doesn't stand a chance because most college liquor is sold on credit.

Any student or member of the faculty can have a charge account with me. Just before the holidays, or during prom week, nearly ninety per cent of my business is on the cuff. I've been legging it here at the U for nine years and I've trusted almost everyone connected with the college at one time or another. If you tried to run a liquor business on that basis off campus, in a week you'd be talking to a referee in bankruptcy. But over a term of years my losses are less than five per cent for unpaid accounts.

Of all the different kinds of people I've sold, I rate profs and students as the honestest and lawyers as the crookedest. I don't know why, but it's so.

I could tell you about a judge who heisted a quart of Scotch right out of my briefcase and then had the gall to borrow my own corkscrew to open it. No one at the U would treat you that way.



When the lowdown on the beer flats and the speaks was pub-

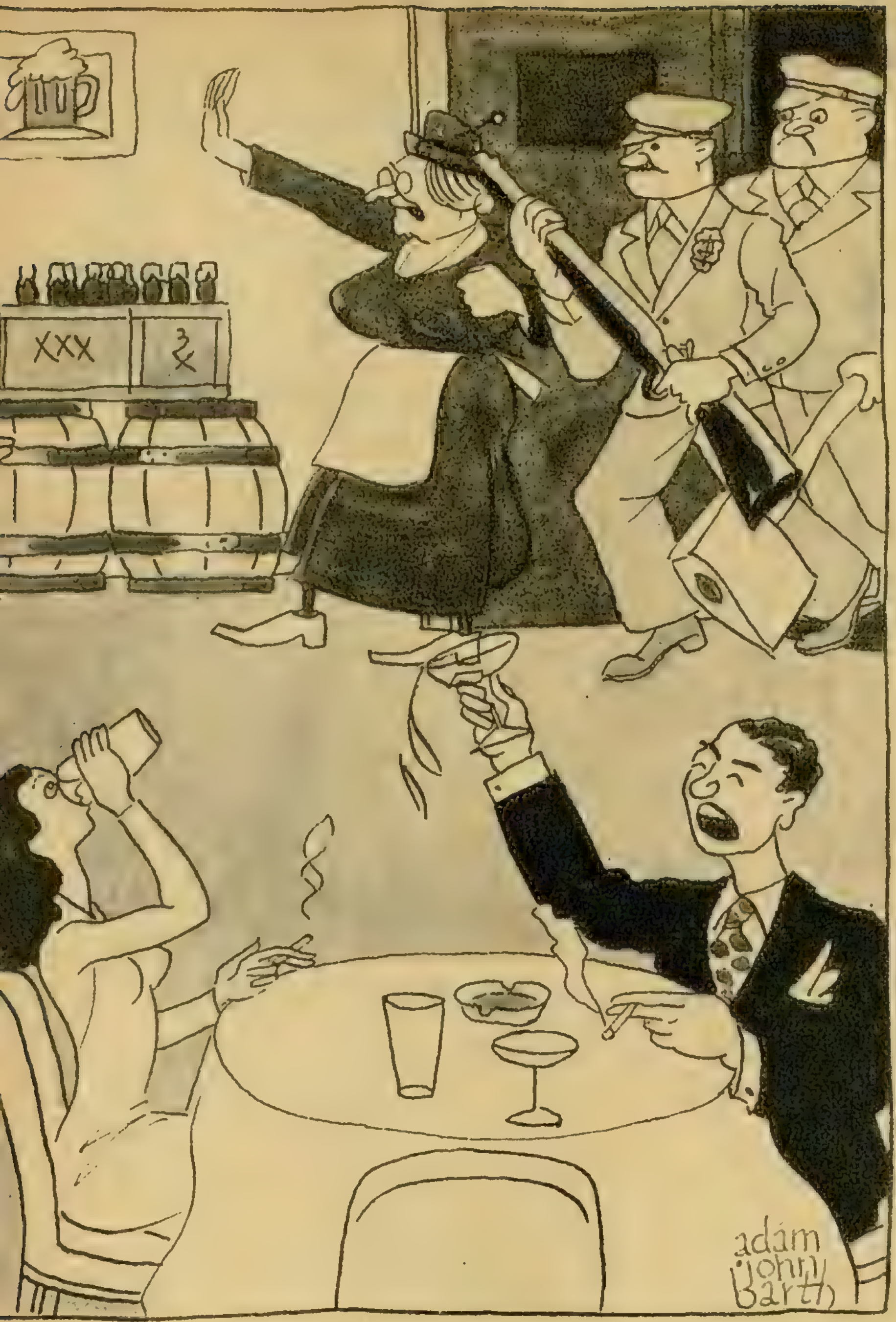
The
CAM
LEG

College kids are gentlemen. I never have to worry about rough stuff except when some old grads are back for a game or a reunion. Afterwards the undergraduates are blamed for it.

It would be better for everybody if they wouldn't let any man back on the campus after he's earned his sheepskin. The alumni are God's curse on a college.

Don't get the idea I learned this all at once. I've been wising myself up gradually ever since 1923.

I was greener than a freshman when I angled in. I called the fraternities "frats" and the eating clubs "boarding houses." But everybody tried to help me; they were awfully friendly. By and by I got the hang of it.

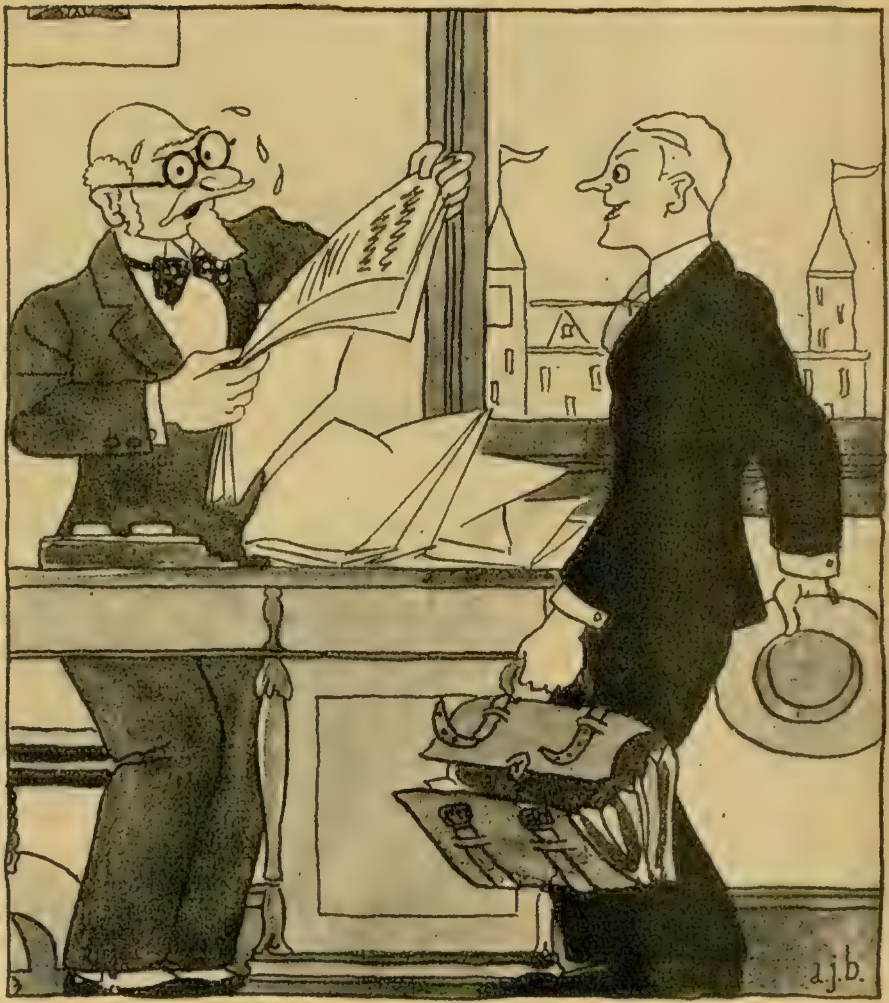


lished, Mama Dalton had to take a penitentiary rap out of it.

PUS
GER

As Told to
GEORGE S. BROOKS

Pictures by ADAM JOHN BARTH



Prexy found proof that a rich alumnus—a prominent dry—bought $175 worth of liquor.

Before I came here, you see, I was hopping bells in a hotel. I quit that because I was afraid I'd be the fall guy for the manager. Our hotel was bone-dry, but we bell hops lost our jobs if we were caught buying liquor for the guests from anyone except the Greek who ran the shine stand. He paid the house a thousand dollars a month for the whisky concession.

The grift at the shine stand went sour overnight on account of the Greek having a fight with the manager. I figured I might be elected to take the rap for them both. I had a few dollars I'd saved from selling gin cheaper than the Greek's whisky, and I came down here to the U to start in business for myself.

I made nice connections through a fellow who'd been a guest at the hotel. He liked me because I never stared at the dames he brought in, a different Mrs. Smith every trip. He fixed it so I could buy government alcohol at a fair price, delivered to me right at the warehouse.

That alky put me in right on the campus. It's pure. People think you can sell anything with a kick in it to college boys. University liquor has to be the McCoy—not for flavor but for chemical purity. When some of your customers are chemistry profs and others are chemistry students, you haven't a chance to slip over anything phony.

ONCE, when a heat was on the warehouse and Department of Justice agents were smelling through everybody's bank deposits looking for the man who sells to me, I bought a few gallons of home-cooked alky from another source. It wouldn't hurt you; it was cooked out of a malt mash.

I mixed up a few cases of gin from this alky and passed them out. Inside of twenty-four hours I heard about it from half my customers. What did I do? Why, I called back every bottle and replaced it. I dumped a hundred gallons of alky right down the drain. It cost me $775 and the cartage. But it was great advertising.

I'm the biggest advertiser around the college, anyway. I always take full-page spreads in all the student publications; sometimes double pages. My copy always reads the same: "Compliments of a Friend."

Oh, no; it isn't a holdup. I get my money's worth. There isn't a student who doesn't find out who paid for the space. The publication committee sees to that.

If the students figure you're for them, they'll stick with you every time. They're the most loyal bunch in the country. That goes for the coeds, too.

The girls use up a good many cases in the course of a year, but only just before vacations. They don't buy it for themselves, you see. They take a few bottles home

to their folks or to serve at holiday parties. In some of the hard-shell burgs, way out in the sticks, the kids have to contact the leggers for their families.

College girls don't drink so much as people believe. They're afraid of it. They don't want to get in bad. They're pretty wise little dolls. It was a coed who figured out why the house always won on the chuck-a-luck game in the back room at Gaffney's road house. He hasn't let a coed inside his place since.

Profs are nice folks to deal with, too. Some of my best friends are on the faculty. A college legger doesn't have to do business with a lot of cheap riffraff. Of course, the faculty haven't much money to spend. It's very seldom that they buy anything except gin; they can't afford whisky. But the graduate manager of athletics and the football coaches, they only use the best. They're the big shots on the campus for dough.

Well, now, I couldn't say how much liquor the college uses, because I can't tell how much other fellows sell. On an average, through the college year I peddle ten cases of 'sky and twenty-five cases of gin a week. Through the summer I don't do enough business to pay for gas.

That runs into a lot of money; but my expenses are heavy too. My overhead costs me $15 a day the year round. Then I always have $1,500 to $3,000 tied up in I O Us. I have to make a big profit or I couldn't swing it.

You probably won't believe me, but this is the truth. In nine years I've never paid a cent of protection money to anyone. I've never been raided or arrested or shaken down. That's pretty good, now, isn't it? Why, since I started here I've sold at least 40,000 quarts of whisky and 100,000 bottles of gin at retail, and I don't know yet what a bail bond looks like.

Was I ever threatened? Once—only once. It was the college paper and not the law that put on the heat.

Three or four years ago, when there was a lot of newspaper chatter about young folks drinking too much, the paper announced a series of articles on where and how the college drank. They had some live-wire student editors that year, real news hounds. They didn't have anything against me personally, but they knew they could get a lot of attention exposing prohibition enforcement. They just wanted to prove they were good newspaper men.

The first article was the works. It blew the roof right off the road houses. They didn't print names and addresses, but from the description the W. C. T. U. could have driven right up to the front door of every joint they covered. They even printed the prices of the mixed drinks you could buy at each place. And was there a yell? The drys around town sent a marked copy of the paper to the prohibition director. A squad of federal men knocked off Sill's place, the Tip-Top, and the Pinnacle. Poor old Jim Kernan went out of business at the Madison and hasn't dared open up again since.

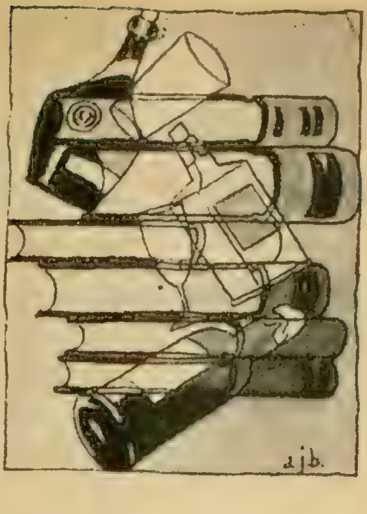
THE second article gave the lowdown on the beer flats and the speaks where the college bunch hung out. There were a dozen pinches after that was published. Mama Dalton had to take a penitentiary rap out of it. Fourth offense for her. She'd been pretty careless.

The third of the series was advertised as giving all the dirt on the leggers who worked on the campus itself. That meant me. At least, I was the outstanding one.

Good friends of mine advised me to leave town until it blew over. But I knew heeling out was no use. Those federal guys go everywhere, and if they got track of me I'd be bait for them as long as I stayed in the legging business. Besides, the U was a nice spot. I didn't want to leave.

I went up to see the editors. A couple of them owed me for gin. But the editor in chief didn't drink and he was set to crusade. He liked the attention he was getting.

When I found I couldn't stop the third story myself, I took it up with the dean. He wasn't a customer and I didn't know him until I crashed into his office with my brief bag. He thought I was a book salesman at first. But I told him who I was and why I was there. "Listen, dean," I said. "If this story is printed it's going to spoil my business."



I half expected he'd laugh. But he didn't. A college dean has to be very patient, explaining things to dumb people. He was just as nice to me as if I'd been a trustee. He went on to say that he couldn't interfere with a student publication in such circumstances. Then he tried to make me realize that it was I who was in wrong, not the paper.

"Don't you realize that you're asking me to protect an illegal business?" he asked.

"Sure. That's the point. If I was in a different kind of business I wouldn't have to ask you to help me out," I said.

"You have no right to expect any protection, especially from me," he went on.

"Now, don't be hasty. I've quite a bank roll tied up here, and I'm kind of a handy guy to have around. Lots of people you know would tell you so."

"I don't care to discuss it." He glanced at the clock and turned back to his desk.

"Wait a minute." I opened my briefcase, took out some papers and spread them in front of him.

HE glanced at them just to get rid of me. Then he sat up and blinked. When he finished studying them he looked sour at me. But he was worried, too.

"This may involve a question of general discipline—I mean general policy. Well, I think we'd better consult the president."

"Sure, dean. Why not?" I said, and trailed along.

I waited a few minutes in the outer office while he broke the news to Prexy. Then they called me in.

There are a lot worse men than the president of the U. He's smart. He has to be to hold his job.

"These signatures are authentic, I suppose?" was his first question.

"Sure, Prexy. I'm willing to submit 'em to anybody, if there's any doubt in your mind—"

"No, no," he interrupted me. "I can see that they are." He recognized some of them, all right. "May I ask what you intend doing with these—er—documents?"

"Nothing at all, if you'll give me your word that the college paper won't publish any more of these stories."

"And if they do publish them?"

"Well," said I, "you see how it is. If my business is folded up, I'll have to earn my living some other way."

"Yes?"

"I'd have to sell these to the editor of a tabloid newspaper. I figure he'd pay me a few dollars for them."

Prexy went through my material. He found proof that a certain rich alumnus bought $175 worth of liquor at commencement time; but the man wouldn't have cared to have that published—he was a prominent dry. He'd given one dormitory to the college and had promised another.

There was a photostat of a check given me by a dry politician who was handy when Prexy wanted state aid. There was a note of thanks from a clergyman. Sure. Whenever I'd got a check from anybody important, I'd always had it photostated before I cashed it. A fellow has to protect himself, you know. I had copies of checks given me by the head of the history department and proof that the class of '91 spent $1,300 for champagne at their reunion banquet. It would have ruined a guy close to the administration in Washington if that had leaked out.

"You can leave this matter with me. There will be no third article," said Prexy.

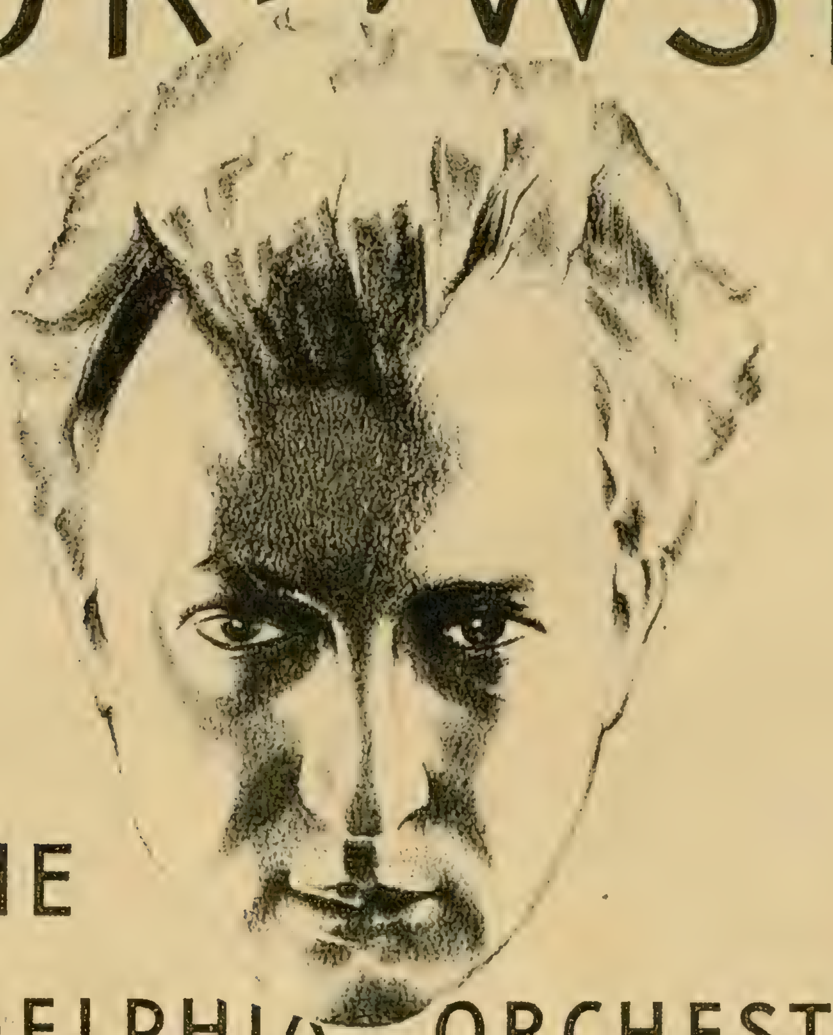
So I picked up my briefcase and my autograph collection, and that was that.

Prexy always bows to me now. That is, if he's alone.

THE END

PHILCO presents

STOKOWSKI



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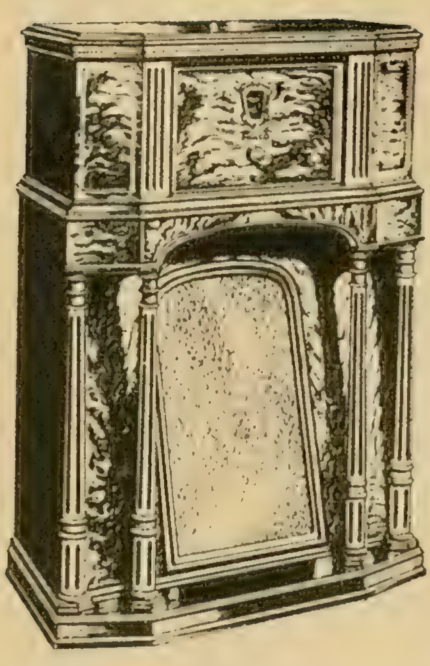

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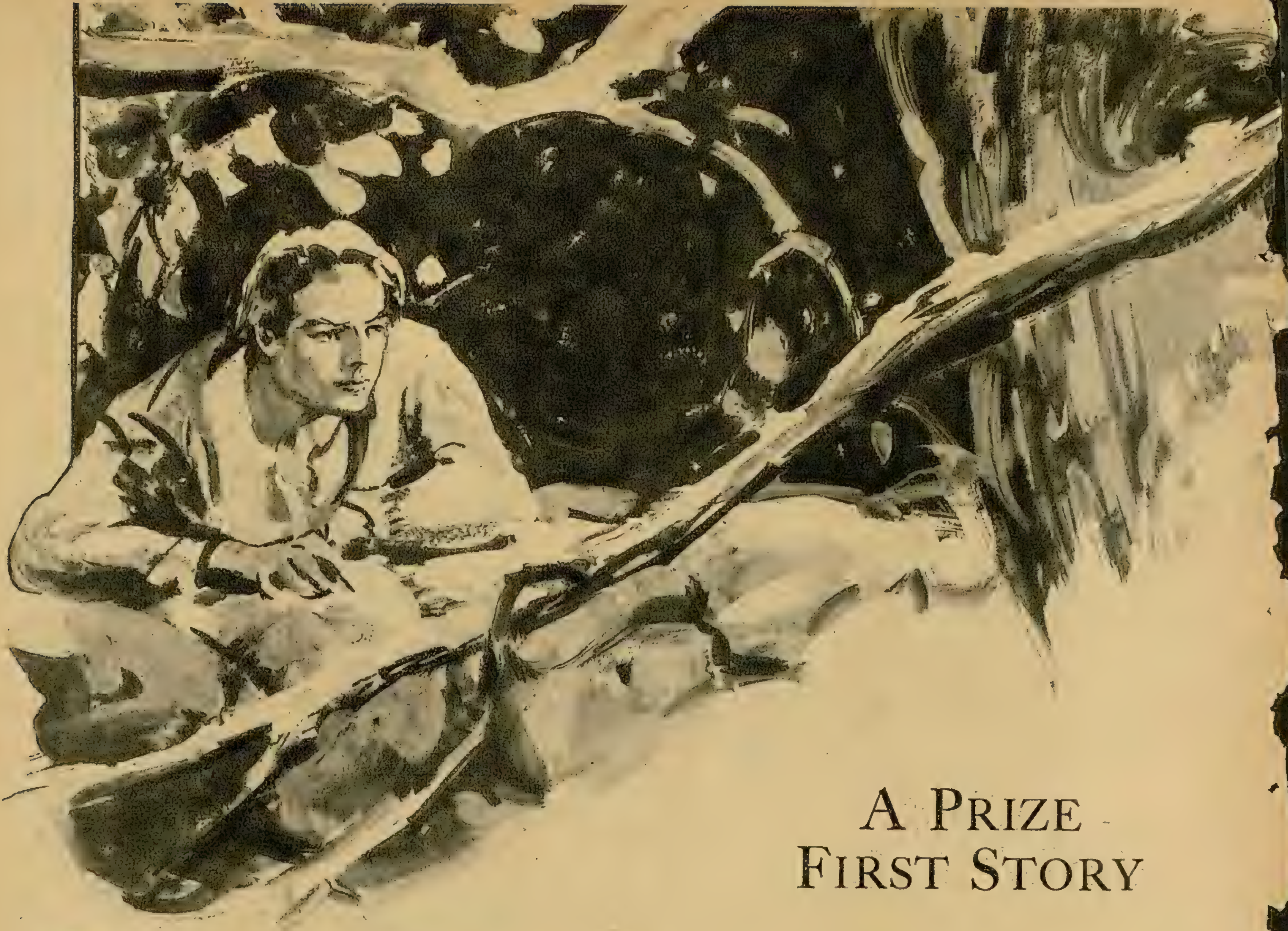


A PRIZE
FIRST STORY

ALWAYS *and* ALWAYS

A Story of Gypsy Lure and a Boy's First Passion

By DON FARRAN

(Reading time: 16 minutes 31 seconds.)

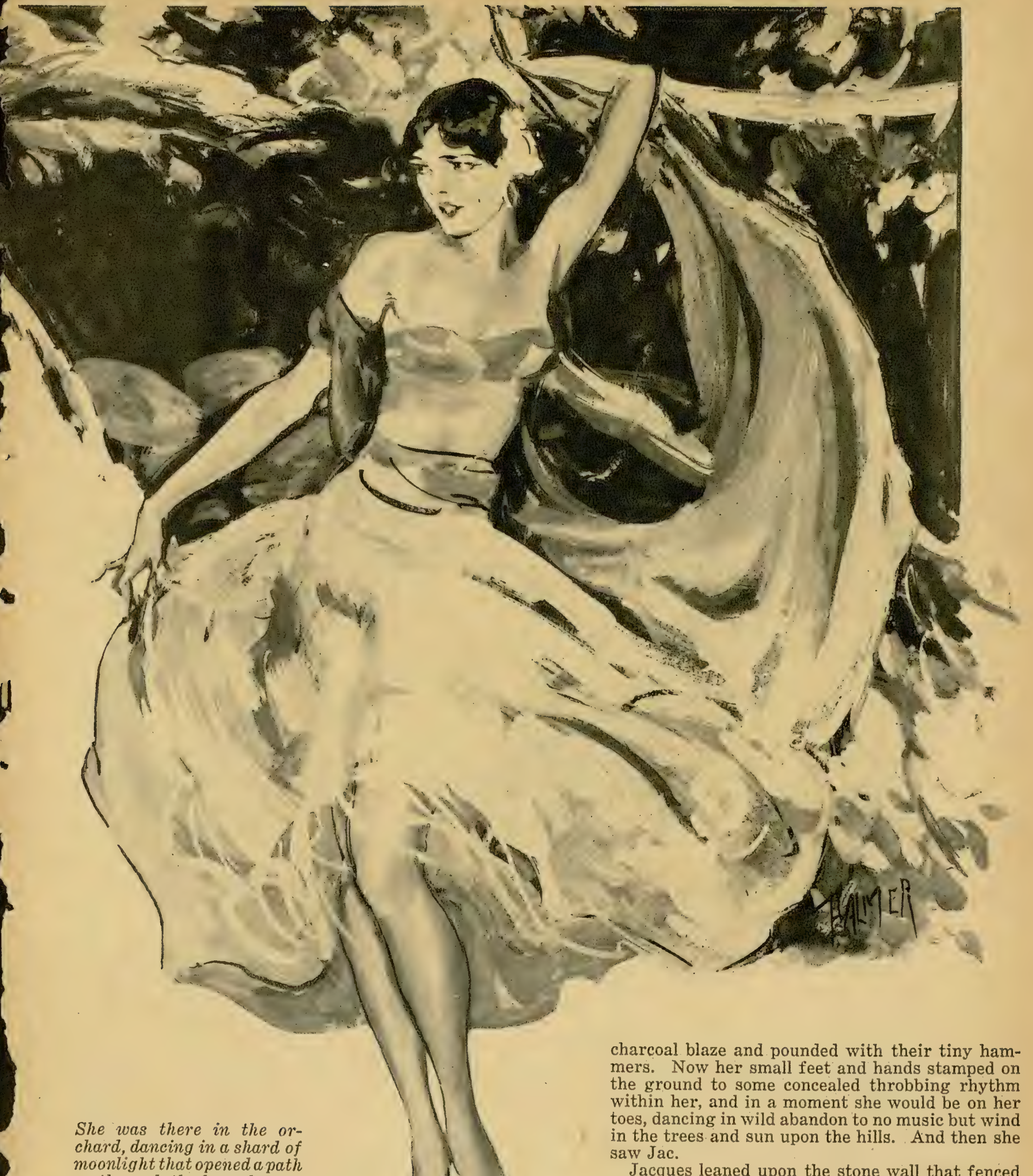
She had dark hair
and a voice that laughed.

U*NE fois*—anyway, it happened in a French town called Tours, a great many years ago. . . .

It was just at the time when Hungarian gypsies began to overrun France, after being driven from Spain for their questionable activities. But the peasantry was not yet fully aroused against them, as they would be a few years later when whole gypsy caravans were destroyed by peasant mobs armed with scythes and pitchforks and knives and clubs—when it was believed that the hated Romany looted graves and bewitched cattle so they would not give milk, and put devils in swine so that they attacked men without cause or reason. It was just before such days that all this happened to Jac and Jil.

Jil, which was short for Jilandante (and who can say from whence come the names the gypsies give their children?), lay at the edge of an apple orchard and kicked up her heels at the heavy red and yellow fruit hanging in clusters above her.

Her long black hair was spread in the sun past the edge of the afternoon shade, as black as a black crow's shining



She was there in the orchard, dancing in a shard of moonlight that opened a path through the branches.

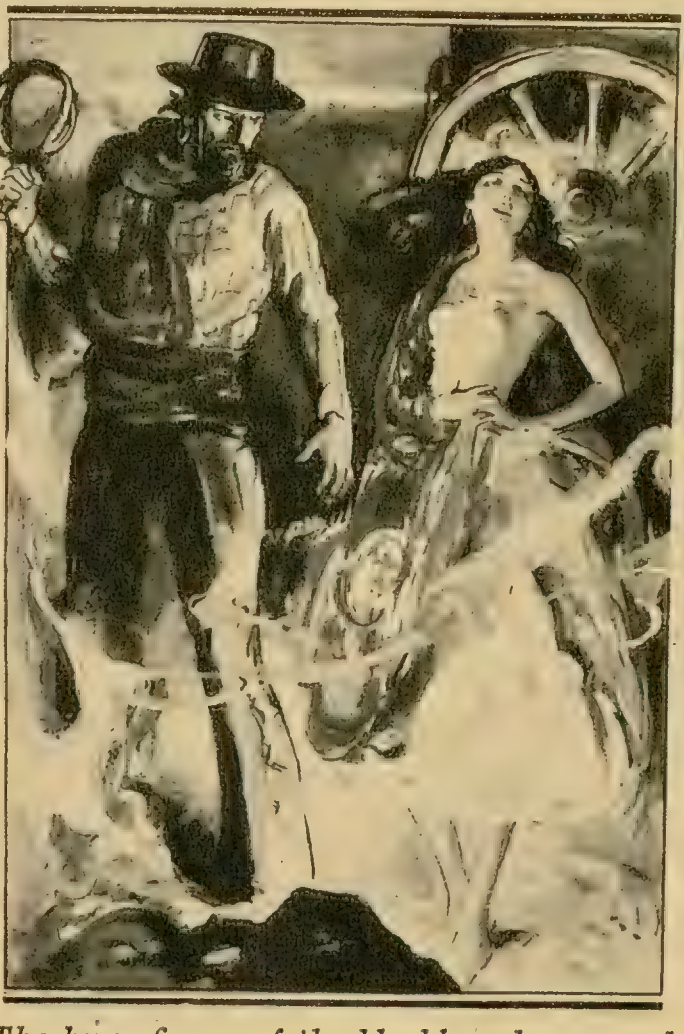
Pictures by
Delos Palmer

wing. And in the shade there her arms and legs had the soft luster of Guernsey cream in a cold-throated pitcher; but in the sun her skin was like the beaten-copper bowls and kettles that Carial and Petri and Jon heated over a charcoal blaze and pounded with their tiny hammers. Now her small feet and hands stamped on the ground to some concealed throbbing rhythm within her, and in a moment she would be on her toes, dancing in wild abandon to no music but wind in the trees and sun upon the hills. And then she saw Jac.

Jacques leaned upon the stone wall that fenced the orchard of his father. Of his father, *Père* Brouissant, mayor of Tours. Mayor of its narrow cobbled streets and its shopkeepers and its wine cellars. Mayor of its old cathedral, which time was slowly decaying. *Père* Brouissant, who was a great man and lived in a fine white house of stone at the place where the town's streets met the country fields, and who had an old housekeeper who talked too much. A housekeeper who talked much too much at times, and was much too silent at other times —but who was devoted to his beloved and only child, Jacques. Of such was *Père* Brouissant.

Jacques leaned upon the wall of white stone and observed the strange girl before him.

That she was pretty, Jacques could see. He knew no prettier girls from here to the walled gates of Paris. Even prettier than Lily Pucelle, she was, and Jacques frowned when he observed that—for wasn't he to marry Lily some day when they were older? Besides, this girl was a Romany, a wild gypsy, and his father had told the whole caravan of them just that morning that they could not stop in his Tours with its shops and cellars. That was what had brought Jac searching for their camp—he had not been present when *Père* Brouissant had ordered the gypsies to pass through the town.



The huge figure of the blackbeard appeared suddenly, his coiled whip in hand.

Now he stood there and observed her, resenting the fact that anyone could be even prettier than his Lily Pucelle. And Jil stared back at him, and sat up, and jumped to her brown feet and came toward him smiling. She came close to him, and leaned over the wall with her coppery elbows staining on the green moss. And then her slender fingers touched his red cheeks and ran themselves through his yellow hair, while she laughed and the golden loops in her ears dangled and danced.

But Jac knew about the gypsies. Had he not heard the shopkeepers tell of how they came close to you and took things from your pockets, and you should never trust them? So he stepped back out of reach of her exploring fingers, but with a strange, pleasing feeling inside him at her caress. And still the girl's voice laughed softly at this bright new thing she had found to play with, and she jumped over the wall with ease and left him.

She went away from him then, her dark eyes, like a cat's at night, watching over her soft bare shoulder. And her cheap, torn dress was blowing in gay ripples against the young curves of her body, and her hips swung a bit as she walked on the tips of her copper toes toward the gypsy camp under the trees.

Jacques watched her leave, and was glad she was gone. His father would not have liked this. And gypsies one did not trust.

And then he wanted to call to her, follow her to the big-wheeled wagons under the trees near the drifting smoke. He wanted to walk with her across the field past the haycocks, his wooden sabots setting themselves down beside her bare toes.

Instead, he climbed over the wall, walked slowly toward where she had been lying, stood there a moment. Then he reached up and plucked a yellow apple and went on through the orchard toward his father's white house, munching on the yellow skin and trying to remember that Lily was the prettiest girl between Tours and the gates of old Paris.

But I wouldn't trade
her heart, alive,
For good folks' virtue
or poor priest's shrive.

THAT night, within the big house of *Père* Brouissant, there was talk of the gypsies. Jac, who believed his father the greatest man in the world—even greater than the Duc de Paris—listened, with the girl of the orchard always in his mind.

"The merchants complain," the mayor said, pushing back his plate and fingering the heavy pewter goblet. He loved pewter, the feel of it to his sensitive fingers. He would have no copper in his house, for a reason Jac did not know. Now, sipping his yellow wine, he told Jac of what the merchants complained, while the old housekeeper (who never gave of her attention except to matters about Jac or the house, but whose shell-white ears missed nothing) cleared the massive wooden table and limped kitchenward, trip and trip.

"But, *père*, why do you not imprison them if they steal?"

"But you do not know the gypsies, my son." And the mayor's eyes were unaccountably bright. "It is not good to place them in prison. In prison they die. Like birds, they are always to be free. It is so. I remember it is so.

"That they steal trifles from M. du Quois in his *boutique* at the Place Vendôme I do not doubt. But no one has seen this thing done. It is only that one young gypsy girl came in, and when monsieur drove her out, it is a copper ring that is missing. But when they find that girl she does not have it. So—

"But tomorrow will be more of these things," the mayor said sadly. And Jac wondered why his father said it sadly.

OF this he did not know—that many years before Jacques had been born there had come to Tours a band of gypsies. They had been Capustans, whose race had come down pure from the bell-and-lute boys and the dancing girls whom Behram Gour had tried to keep at his court, but who had refused to remain, and had wandered away to bear the race of gypsies. That was the story, although some doubted it was true. But what matter? It was enough that they were proud; that the blood in their veins gave them a regal beauty; that in them was a fire and color to change all life when they were near. And the young Brouissant, whose father lived in a big house, a white house near the edge of the town, had seen the gypsies and fallen in love with one of them. And she with him. But her father was proud, and he would have nothing to do with even the Brouissants, and after a few days had ordered the wagons to move on. One in Tours had never forgotten them. . . .

Jacques could not have known all of that. So he wondered why his father was sad when he talked of the gypsies. But she of the wrinkled white ears remembered of it, and let her head wander back and forth on her fat neck in negation. Always there must be trouble when the gypsies were near. Always!

The very next morning there was a great outcry from the people of Tours. During the night many things had mysteriously disappeared. There were chickens and two young pigs gone from farmyards. Food stored in cellars was no longer there. And early that morning, when a merchant opened the heavy iron shutters of his shop, some gypsies swarmed in. He had driven them out; but their deft fingers had found this and that to take with them while he was not watching.

Mayor Brouissant shook his head sadly and ordered brought before him the head of the gypsy tribe.

Nor of this, at the moment, did Jacques know. Once more his steps had led him toward the orchard, and once more he had found the gypsy girl there. She was sitting on the wall, her pointed toes dangling, singing a strange music to herself and waiting as if she were waiting for someone to come to her.

Once more Jacques felt her hands on his face and in his hair. And suddenly she kissed him—a swift kiss that stung through him like the rapier of a wasp and left his lips pierced with a strange pain. Jac would have caught her in his arms, but she slipped from them and jumped to the ground.

(Continued on page twenty-six)

SOUND SLEEP

Tonight... Entirely Without Drugs

THERE'S THAT D AGAIN
WHY NERVOUS ?
WISH BUSINESS WOULD PICK UP
MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING I ATE
WON'T SLEEP EVER COME ?

No More Night-Time Tossing ... New Energy Tomorrow

ARE you a restless sleeper? Do you often toss and turn for hours before you fall asleep? Or do you wake up in the middle of the night and then find it almost impossible to get back to sleep again?

If so, here's the solution to your problem. A *safe* solution that thousands have adopted largely on physicians' advice.

For scientific research has determined the outstanding reasons for sleeplessness. Has revealed that most sleep troubles are caused by three specific things.

These causes are: (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest and (3) nervous irritability. And science has also evolved a way of combating all three causes of sleeplessness *at their source.*

You fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep all night as soundly as a child. No more waking in the dead of night! No more tossing and "counting sheep."

In the morning, you awaken vastly refreshed —with quiet nerves and a mind that's fresh and clear. Filled with an abundance of new energy that lasts straight through the day.

For this new discovery not only induces sound sleep quickly but acts to *rebuild* nerve and body tissue as you sleep. And greatly multiplies your ability to recover quickly from fatigue.

A Real Discovery

The discovery which does this is a delicious food-drink, and is now manufactured in Peterborough, Canada.

It is called Ovaltine—a concentrate of *natural* food-elements, *entirely free from drugs.*

Taken as a warm drink at bedtime, it acts 3 ways to bring you sound, restful sleep.

First: Ovaltine combats mental over-activity, which often keeps you lying awake and worrying when you're trying to get to sleep. It does this by drawing excess blood away from the head.

Thus mental calm is invited — the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten digestive burdens and help the stomach "rest."

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin) — together with a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus, a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only promotes relaxation and combats digestive unrest but also acts remarkably to overcome sleeplessness due to irritated nerves.

See for Yourself

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors. *Try it and see for yourself.*

See how quickly you fall asleep at night—how much fresher you feel next day.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note the permanent benefits you obtain. Note how it builds up and maintains your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night—how vitality multiplies.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine tonight. Or, if you wish, send the coupon at right for a generous trial supply.

Mix two to four teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you get into bed. You'll sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months. And feel like a new person in the morning.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children — and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

A. WANDER LIMITED, Dept. L.
"Elmwood Park," Peterborough, Canada

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name..
(Print name and address clearly)
Address..
City........................*Prov*................
935-R

OVALTINE
for restful sleep

(Continued from page twenty-four) Two words she spoke to him, haltingly: "*Ce soir.*" And then she ran swiftly down the hill toward the blue smoke that curled up through the trees, and where there was now a great commotion of dogs barking. Jac saw her running across the hay field on her tiny toes. And then he saw something else. He saw a huge, swaggering gypsy with a black beard that flowed over his chest, and carrying a whip curled in his right hand—the head of the gypsy tribe—walking beside the *soldats* of Tours toward the town.

Jacques jumped over the wall and ran through the orchard, tearing his blouse on a limb, but not stopping on his way toward the place where his father held court.

Don Farran, the author of this story, is well known as a poet, although Always and Always is the first fiction that he has had published. His poems, to the number of more than 400, have appeared in various magazines and newspapers. He was born in Iowa in 1902.

Arrived outside that door, he waited. It was a quiet place of sun and shadows on the cobblestones, and only the flutter of doves' wings intruded upon the silence. But soon there came shouts from down the street, and the clatter of wooden sabots upon the street, and a noisy procession burst into view. The blackbeard strode at the head, the whip still bent within his brown fingers, the copper rings in his ears gleaming in the morning sun. And from every shop the townspeople poured forth, a rabble shouting and cursing and pushing and trying to keep pace with the big fellow's stride. Up to the place of the mayor they came, and crowded inside, as many as could gain entrance, and all chattering.

Mayor Brouissant sat in a tall-backed chair behind a long table. A round man in a scarlet gown tied with a golden cord as large as his smallest finger. A man upon whom age or youth would sit lightly; for there were no hairs on his head to define it. Of complaints there were many. And all voluble, all in a frenzied protesting.

The gypsy stood there, his dark eyes glittering their anger, but in a sullen manner. His was a pride above all this, above the common phrases thrown at him by these people. *Père* Brouissant's thoughts reverted to another time when he had known the gypsies.

"But the proofs?" their mayor asked them. "It is not complaints we wish, but proofs. Is there one among you can show evidence?"

No, they could show no definite evidence. But here were the gypsies, and where were the things that were gone? Name them that, they said. Things did not walk out of the shops. Pigs might stray from the farms, but what of this man's wine and that man's bread?

This was not sufficient, their mayor told them. That in Tours had been *un adroit doigt* before the gypsies came, they must remember.

So it was that Mayor Brouissant let the gypsy off with a warning as to the future. There was a chorus of dissent to this *décharge* among those who had crowded in; but the gypsy ignored them and went out the door.

Jac, who had remained close to the door when he entered, quickly followed. And so he saw what next happened.

CLOSE to the door, having followed the rabble of townspeople, were the dogs that roamed the streets daytimes and prowled the alleys at night. And some odor on this man they did not like, or it may be that somehow the feelings of the people were transferred to them. Now they yelped at him and bared their fangs. And one, a bit more brave than the rest, slipped toward the gypsy from behind and would have pounced upon him. But the whip in the gypsy's hand unleashed itself in a black coil and spat out at the dog. And Jac saw, with a shudder, that where it struck the dog's back a strip of hair and skin came away, exposing the raw pink flesh as the dog went shrilling with pain down the street.

Her toes were copper,
her eyes were bright,
When racoczies thrummed
into the night!

Remembering the girl's "*Ce soir,*" Jac stole out of the house that night. She was there in the orchard, dancing in a shard of moonlight that opened a path through the branches—dancing to wild music that drifted up from the gypsy camp: violin music that set the blood pounding in rhythm to the racoczies from Hungarian plains, music in which was the beat of horses' hoofs and dim figures riding in velvet jackets in a wild swirl of last autumn's leaves spinning in young March winds and all shrieking.

But soon the music became softer, more plaintive, and the girl's toes quieted to inactivity and she drooped to the grass. Then it was that Jac approached her, came close to her. She sat up suddenly at the sound of his step, and he heard her pleased little laugh.

Always he remembered that night, as his father before him remembered another night. No bond of common language brought them close; but her arms were soft as old pewter is to the fingers or the eye, and her kisses drove Lily Pucelle from his mind—kisses that were like a soft flame, a soft blue flame on a starlit night.

Sometimes she murmured things in a language strange to him: "*kamava mandi,*" and "*mi duvel—mi puropal kokero.*" And the words that were some day to have been for Lily went spilling themselves from his lips: "*Ce soir! Vous—moi!*"

TOO soon she had to return to the camp. Jac walked with her this time, his sabots setting themselves down beside her coppery toes as they paced slowly across the hay stubble to the outskirts of the camp. Red fires burned in the night, and the voice of the violins was a lamentation of departure.

Trois nuits Jac slipped out of the house to meet her. On the third night his father saw and wondered, and followed, and stood in the shadows watching, his face pale and his eyes dark with the pain of remembering. Then *Père* Brouissant turned and went quietly back to his big house, and sat before a pewter mug of yellow wine, and went to bed leaving the wine untouched.

There is a thing
he has never told. . . .
God! she just wanted
a bit of gold
Round her young throat
to hear it jingle.

One time Lily Pucelle was the prettiest girl from the cobbled streets of Tours to the massive gates of Paris. Surely it was an unkind fate that drew her into the life of a gypsy girl. Nor was it of her own willing.

She had been in the shop of M. Martelle that morning when Jacques came in. It was a musty shop and old, and Lily had come there only because an aunt had owned a ring from which the sapphire had fallen the night before. Now she was to have it placed once more in the ring. But when she saw Jacques walk into the shop she dropped the sapphire, so that the merchant must stoop to search for it upon the dusty floor. And Lily turned her back upon Jacques, while bright spots of red flamed in her white cheeks. And why should she not? Had he not neglected to speak to her for these several days?

And, at that precise moment, into this shop came a gypsy girl who smiled at Jacques and came up to him as if she had seen him and followed him in there. But Jac evaded her and quickly left the shop and hurried down the street, leaving her gazing there after him silently, the fire and happiness gone suddenly from her dark eyes. Not for long was it gone, though—the fire; for the merchant saw her and hurried to drive her to the street.

Once again the *soldats* of Tours visited the gypsy camp. And with them went Lily Pucelle, frightened and unwilling. From the shop of one Martelle had disappeared a tiny amulet on a golden chain. Lily and the *boutiquier* would know the gypsy girl who had taken it. Even in the early darkness they would recognize her.

There could be no mistake—it was that one! And both of them pointed a finger at one among the gypsy girls. Both of them pointed to the one called Jilandante.

But the gypsy girl did not have the amulet on a golden chain. No gypsy ever has what has been lost, when one comes to look for it.

Muttering curses upon their heads, M. Martelle and the soldiers and Lily left the camp, but not until they had warned the black-bearded one that tomorrow was another day and a day of reckoning.

Meanwhile Jac was walking, with heavy heart, across the field where haycocks were dim under the stars and the moon had not yet risen. He had waited in the orchard for her, but she had not come to him. She was angry with him, and had not come. He would go to her now, and he would make her happy.

Cautiously he crept in toward the nearest fire. Surely she would not have gone to sleep. Even if she were angry, she would be thinking of him.

And then all was confusion in the camp. Torches moved in flickering waves in the darkness toward the town. Fires were suddenly stamped out in a burst of flying sparks. Dogs barked and the voices of men and women rose in a crescendo of strange language. There were shouts, and the clinking of metal and the tramping of horses being hurriedly hitched to wagons.

Only one fire burned brightly now. And there she stood in the glow of it. And then something terrible happened—something that caused Jac's body to quiver and fill with dry sobs.

The huge figure of the blackbeard appeared suddenly in the firelight, his earrings gleaming wickedly, his coiled whip in an upraised hand. If the girl saw him, she appeared not to notice him. *Or perhaps she expected—*

With an almost leisurely motion the whip uncoiled and came down across her soft shoulders —the shoulders that Jac's lips had kissed the nights before. Then, as the whip whistled sharply upward again, before the staring eyes of Jac, she flung out her arms *and laughed*—a sound Jac could never forget.

When Jac could look again, all was darkness, and there came the sound of wheels moving away, and, above them, a sound that was like a girl's scream of pain. Jac lay against the cool earth, his lips quivering, one hand flung before him. The moon, rising past the hills to the east, gleamed down upon a tiny amulet on a golden chain that lay there in his hand.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the origin of the phrase "Kilkenny cats"?
2—What is a curnock?
3—What is a podoscaph?
4—What is electric seal?
5—Is ink a comparatively modern invention?
6—When is water said to be hard?
7—What is one peculiarity of the metal lithium?
8—Where are the Shetland Islands?
9—What is a *genre* painting?
10—Does soda water contain soda?
11—Where is the largest canal lock in the world?
12—What was the Indian name from which the state name Wyoming originated?
13—What three states in the Union have the largest area?
14—What is about the greatest height ever jumped by a horse carrying saddle and rider?
15—Who is thought to have been the originator of cake?
16—How was the word "bulldoze" first used?
17—When was the Suez Canal opened?
18—Is the zebra a white animal with black stripes, or a black animal with white stripes?
19—How wide is the English Channel at its narrowest point?
20—What is the name of the perforated end of a watering pot?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

When was aspirin first used?
(see page 45 for the answer)

WHEN YOU TAKE ASPIRIN...

SIMPLY to take an "aspirin tablet," without knowing what brand of aspirin you're taking, is unwise. For all are not the same in purity, effectiveness, safety.

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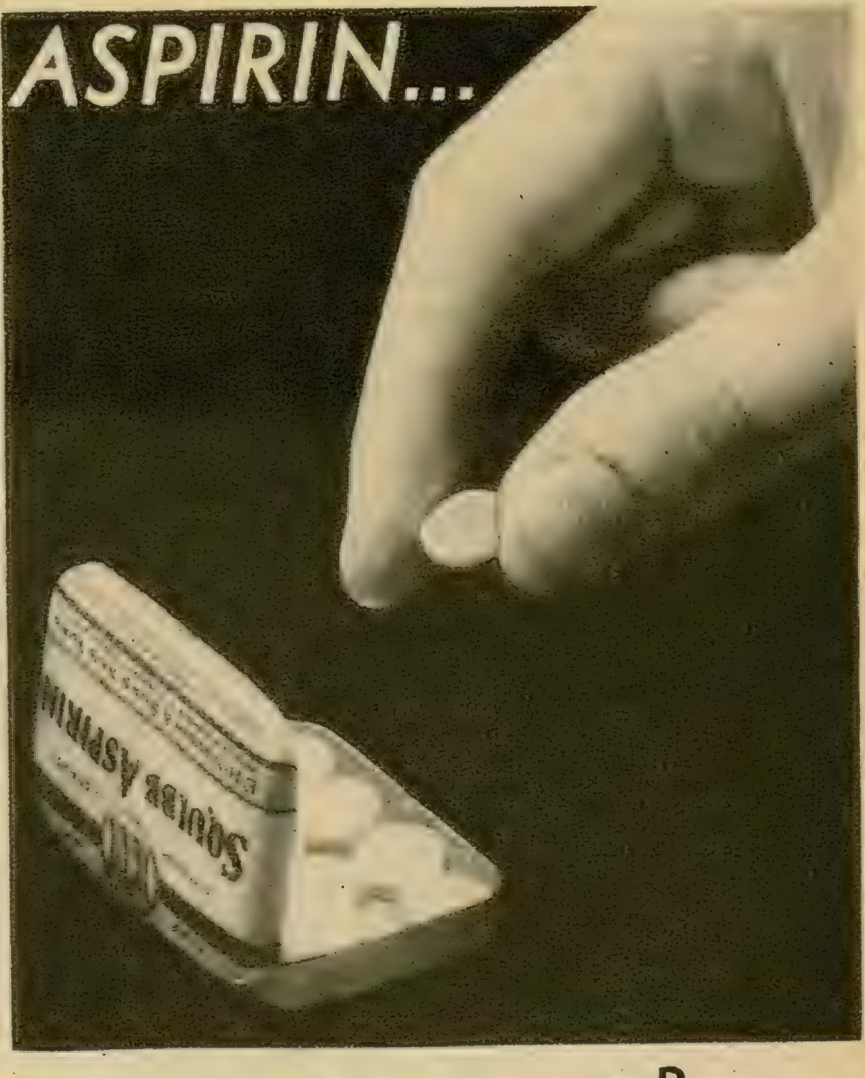

A Famous Football Star Looks Back at Some of the Greatest Plays He Ever Saw

Acme photo

Albie Booth in last year's Yale-Dartmouth game scored three times from kick formation through the entire Green team.

THR

on the Gr

(Reading time: 13 minutes 40 seconds.)

DARTMOUTH scored early in the never-to-be-forgotten clash with Harvard in 1924. We missed the point after touchdown when the aggressive Cambridge forwards poured in and blocked the kick. Desperately we clung to our scant margin of six points. Harvard, beaten by us the year before for the first time in sixteen seasons, was out to whip us soundly. We hung on to the ball as long as we could and then punted.

The game wore on slowly, grimly. Harvard's ponderous backs hammered away threateningly. Time and again they ripped into our line. They never let up.

Suddenly, in mid-field, our forward wall parted. Through the gap tore three wild-eyed Crimson interferers. Behind them, racing at full speed, was big Jack Hammond with the ball.

Every man in the stands was on his toes. It looked like Harvard's day. On came the trio, brushing our secondaries from Hammond's path.

I alone, as safety man, stood between them and a Harvard touchdown. If it hadn't been football, I would have sold my chances of stopping him for a dime. But too much depended on getting him to waste time thinking about it.

Quickly I started toward the left side of the field, pretending to run hard, but in reality staying virtually in the same spot. All three interferers thought that Hammond must have cut in that direction. They veered to the right to remain in front of him. But he had turned toward my right, and was streaking down the side line.

At the opportune moment I swung toward him, knocked the interferers (who now were off balance) aside, and brought him to earth with one of the most gratifying tackles I ever made. It was the thrill of a lifetime. After the game dozens of fans told me they didn't think there was a chance in a million of stopping him.

International photo

Jake Slagle of Princeton in 1925 took the ball on his own fifteen-yard line and—crossed Yale's goal line!

When Cornell's unbeaten eleven came to Hanover in 1923, we were all set to stop the brilliant George Pfann in his tracks and crush the far-famed Cornell off-tackle play before it could get under way.

We were primed for the fray. Former gridiron stars, as well as our coach, had given us fight talks just before the game. We had been reminded repeatedly of the fact

Here's Ralph Hewitt of Columbia kicking, and at the right, running back a kick-off ninety yards to beat Cornell, as he did in 1930.

By

EDWIN B. DOOLEY

All-American Quarterback, 1924

Pictures by
EDGAR McGRAW

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Wide World photo

Jack "One-Play" Elder of Notre Dame in 1929 intercepted Chris Cagle's pass and scored on Army.

that it was the dedication of the stadium, and consequently we had to win.

Our lips were tight, our faces taut, and our nerves tense as we lined up to kick off. On the very first play Pfann smashed off our left tackle for a first down at mid-field. We could scarcely believe our eyes. Once again he took the ball. This time, with the assistance of the crushing off-tackle play, he ripped through the other side of our line and put the ball on our thirty-yard stripe.

Two more plays saw Cornell advance to a scoring position. Once again we braced ourselves for Dobie's most powerful weapon. We were positive Pfann would call on his off-tackle play to score. The ball was snapped. He stepped back and shot a "bullet pass" straight down "the corridor" for a touchdown. It was the last thing in the world we expected. But it did the trick. After that Cornell piled up plenty of points.

Always it is the unexpected that counts. The following season we met Cornell at the Polo Grounds in New York. The big Red team no longer had sure-footed Pfann to lead its attack, but in Molinet, a giant Cuban, it had a man who could dent a wall with his bull-like rushes and was a bear at backing up a line.

BY a series of long passes we moved up the field to Cornell's eighteen-yard line. George Tully, our crack wing man, had done our drop-kicking all season. His accuracy from a modest range was almost uncanny. Cornell knew of him and his ability. I called the team into a huddle. "George," I said, "this play isn't in our book, but if it doesn't go I'll take the blame for it. All I want you to do is to step back in drop-kick formation, pretend you're going to boot the ball, but instead, shoot a pass to me in the left corner of the end zone." He turned white. He had never thrown a pass before. His specialty was catching them. He took his position and said nothing.

We lined up. I took his place at left end. Cornell, seeing Tully back in kick formation, got set to rush him and block the kick. I barked out the signals. The ball zoomed back into Tully's waiting hands. He bent low as though to kick, carried out his deception perfectly, straightened up, and shot me an easy pass for a touchdown. There wasn't a Cornell player within ten yards of the spot where I caught the ball. They had rushed the kicker to prevent a field goal.

Until Lou Little's advent at Columbia, the Lion was looked upon in football circles as something of a tabby cat. Columbia was taking its annual beating from Gil Dobie's smooth-functioning eleven one cloudy autumn afternoon two years ago when versatile Ralph Hewitt, one of the finest players Columbia ever had, stepped back ten yards from the scrimmage line and upset the apple cart by booting a beautiful drop kick sixty yards. It was one of the longest drop kicks ever made, and the longest field goal of the 1930 season.

Cornell, not to be outdone, came back with a terrific drive and pushed over seven points. Columbia rooters lost heart completely. Once again the poor old Lion was due to take it on the chin. And Columbia had pointed for Cornell all season!

But right then and there came one of the prettiest pieces of football that I have ever seen. Hewitt, standing deep in his own territory, caught the Cornell kick-off on the dead run and never stopped until he had crossed the Ithacans' goal line, ninety yards away. Straight-arming, side-stepping, whirling, he kept on. There was no stopping him. He wouldn't or couldn't be downed. The game ended shortly after that dramatic play. Columbia, 10; Cornell, 7.

No football fan lucky enough to have witnessed the hard-fought Army-Notre Dame battle of 1929 will ever forget Jack Elder's heroic and timely play. Eighty thousand frostbitten spectators sat shivering, watching those two great teams lock horns in what seemed certain to be a scoreless tie.

The Ring, Inc., photo

Edwin B. Dooley, author of this article, in 1924 fooled the Harvard interferers and nailed Jack Hammond, who would have scored on Dartmouth.

Suddenly the crowd hushed. Chris Cagle, Army's eel-hipped, sorrel-topped halfback, had the ball—and when he had it anything might happen. "It's a pass!" rooters yelled. The ball shot from Cagle's hand as from a gun.

"One-Play" Elder, a third-string Notre Dame substitute, was playing an alert game on defense. The instant the ball left Cagle's hand Elder left his marks. He raced for it, leaped into the air, tucked it away, and streaked with lightning speed for Army's goal line. Even the swift-footed Cagle could not overtake him. Down the white side line he raced, to one of those incredible triumphs you read about. There was not a man or woman in the crowd who did not feel that that spectacular play more than compensated for the two hours of icy suffering.

THAT brilliant run of Elder's was reminiscent of Jake (Deliver in the Pinches) Slagle's glorious ride through Yale's astonished ranks when Slagle was the spark plug of Captain McMillan's memorable 1925 Princeton team. Standing on his own fifteen-yard line he took the ball, sliced outside tackle, side-stepped, straight-armed two Eli tacklers, cut back, and hot-footed it straight "down the alley" for the touchdown that turned the tide Old Nassau's way. As he breezed along at full speed he stole glances over his shoulder, reversed his field a second time, and crossed the goal line standing up.

The most heartbreaking thing I have ever seen on a football field occurred in the Yale-Dartmouth game of 1929. Throughout the entire first half the big Green team never got out of its own territory. Yale's able forwards turned back every Dartmouth rush. The fast Eli secondaries raised havoc with the wide runs and end sweeps. In the meanwhile Yale piled up a comfortable margin of ten points.

At the start of the second half Al Marsters, one of the really talented running backs of all time, cut loose. He hit the Blue line with the cleaving force of Nevers and the wild fury that was Coy. In six plays he covered close to sixty yards, and topped it off with a touchdown.

But Yale still led by four points. Once again Marsters went to work. He shattered the Eli forward wall with the terrific power of his lunges. It was almost incredible, the speed he could pick up in a few hard-digging steps. He carried players on his back, ripped through, under, and over them. And once again he climaxed with a touchdown. In five brief minutes he had crammed the thrills of a dozen games into his furious play.

The Dartmouth crowd went wild. Never had a Green team trounced the sons of Eli. The joy was suddenly cut short, however, when a Dartmouth pass was intercepted by "Hoot" Ellis, the fastest runner on the Yale squad. I can see him yet, in the gathering dusk of that November twilight, sprinting hell-bent for Dartmouth's destruction along the home team's side of the field. Straight as a die he traveled, outdistancing the Green backs, and breaking twenty thousand hearts.

SIX distinct plays in the Yale-Dartmouth game of last season made football history. I shall never forget any one of them. Three were by the nimblest-footed player ever to wear the Yale Blue, little Albie Booth, as game as he is small, as fast as he is inspiring. Thrice in rapid succession he stepped back in kick formation and thread-needled his way through the entire Green team.

Every man in the Yale Bowl congratulated himself on his good fortune in being present at such a rare exhibition of broken field running. Little did anyone dream that the same thing was to be done in the same game by a Dartmouth player. Wild Bill McCall, not to let Yale and Booth carry off all the laurels, took the ball for three long jaunts and as many touchdowns. Once the Green halfback traveled more than ninety yards before crossing the Eli goal line.

Seldom, if ever, will one see such another succession of phenomenal plays. It all ended, of course, in a tie: Yale, 33; Dartmouth, 33.

Not all the breath-taking plays are of the scoring variety. In the Army-Stanford skirmish at the Yankee Stadium in 1928, I watched a 158-pound center raise all kinds of hob with West Point's rugged line. Heinecke, Pop Warner's prize pivot man, refuted the theory that beef is half of football. Five feet five at most, he could whip his weight in wildcats. He outcharged 200-pound Army forwards, intercepted passes, backed up his line on defense, knifed through now and then to upset the Cadets' offensive machinery, and stood out as the greatest player on the field.

Having seen Walsh, Elder, and other South Bend players come through in the pinches, I have always regretted not having seen the great George Gipp of Notre Dame in action. A greater player never lived. I take the late Knute Rockne's own word for it. Sitting in a New York hotel several months before that tragic plane crash which ended his life, he talked to me of Gipp and what he thought of him.

The season of 1920 saw Gipp at his best—the very year he gave his life for Notre Dame. Hard-charging Frank Coughlan was captain of that famous team, but it will always be referred to as Gipp's eleven. It took real pride in paving the way for his sensational runs, and for those of his mates in the back field, Johnny

Mohardt and Paul Castner. At the ends stood Eddie Anderson and Roger Kiley, as fine a pair of flankers as ever cracked a tackle. Coughlan and Buck Shaw held down the tackle berths. "Hunk" Anderson, present Notre Dame coach, paired up with "Peanuts" Maurice Smith, a 145-pound pocket edition of a ton of dynamite. Harry Mehre, Georgia's head coach these days, was at center.

Never did a football unit pack more fight or more wholesome zest for play. Gipp's team smashed Nebraska, routed Army, and trounced Indiana after the Hoosiers had trimmed Minnesota. Any gridiron fan would give a lot to have been one of the fortunate ones who saw that bunch in action.

In Chicago a few years ago I sat enthralled while Eddie Anderson described Gipp's last stand on the plains of West Point.

"He outdid himself that day," Anderson said, shaking his head as the picture came back to him. "He smashed through Army's line with that wild fury of his. He swung round end, shot off tackle, passed and kicked, blocked and tackled, as only he could do it. After he scored, late in the game, Army struck back hard. But Gipp was everywhere, and Army strove in vain.

"When Rock took him out of the game toward the close of the last quarter, he wept. His face was livid. He'd played himself out, drained his last ounce of reserve energy—and, unknown to his trainer, he had contracted a throat infection that was to cost him his life a few weeks later."

Great plays and victory do not necessarily go hand in hand. If they did, the impression which the Yale-Princeton classic of 1930 made on my mind would not be so vivid as it is. Yale trimmed a fighting Tiger team 10 to 7 on a rain-soaked field at Jungletown. The Elis won on the strength of Tommy Taylor's southpaw heave to Pat Sullivan.

PRINCETON had had a disastrous campaign. Navy, Brown, Cornell, and Lehigh had beaten the Tigers. It looked like an eleven that would go to pieces before Yale's smart, perfectly timed attack. But it didn't.

With 30,000 others we sat in the murky mist of a rainy New Jersey afternoon, wide-eyed and amazed at the transformation which had turned a toothless Tiger into a dangerous beast. It was Bill Roper's farewell to Princeton. That fact and the ancient rivalry with Yale stirred Princeton to unprecedented heights.

It was Princeton's ball on its own twenty-yard line, Yale having lost possession by tossing an incompleted pass over the Nassau goal line. The Tiger team looked worn and wan. A dismal rain splattered down ceaselessly.

Outplayed until now, Princeton suddenly collected itself and started a march the like of which I have never seen. Play upon play saw Trix Bennett and Jack James slash to ribbons the vaunted Eli forward wall.

When the rushing game stalled, Bennett would whisk a pass to James —now down the middle, now down the side. Pushing on through the mud and rain, that team battled its way to the Yale four-yard line. A yard to go for a first down on the Elis' two-yard line.

The whistle blew. Rawboned Linehan hobbled out on the oozy field, injured badly in one leg but still able to stand. He had been the only Yale regular missing till now from the forward wall. He stepped in at guard.

Trix Bennett, grim, determined, his lean face smeared with mud, his jersey sleeve ripped off at the shoulder, took the ball through tackle. Yeckley and Hockenbury charged like bulls shoulder to shoulder to clear the way for him. Linehan, injured, cold, but hungry for action, met that plunging cohort and hurled it back to earth.

A tangled heap of arms and legs marked the spot where Princeton's great advance was stopped. The linesman rushed out with his measuring chain. Only four inches separated the ball from the coveted two-yard mark.

The circle of glowing cigars that hemmed the field was suddenly extinguished. The crowd filed out with mingled emotions of joy and grief. Princeton had lost, but in losing had won.

I WOULD love to have seen that stirring clash of a decade ago between Princeton and Chicago when "Gambling" Johnny Gorman, the Tiger's diminutive but lion-hearted pilot, improvised a pass from Cleaves to him on his own goal line, and raced forty yards before he was crippled by a tooth-rattling tackle. That daring play was contrary to all principles of football strategy, but it saved the day for Princeton. A few minutes later Gray grabbed Zorn's fumble, and capitalized on it. Then, when Princeton fought its way to the Red team's six-yard line, "Maud" Crum, a husky player who was sitting on the substitute bench, begged Coach Roper to send him in.

"I can score, coach," he pleaded. "I know I can."

Roper believed him. Crum crashed over for the touchdown. Princeton, 21; Chicago, 18.

The thrilling moments of the cross-barred field live on forever. Like ancient legends, they come ringing down through the years, handed on from generation to generation. Wherever football men gather one hears again and again of the hidden ball play with which Charles Dillon of Carlisle beat Harvard, back in 1903; of Terry's 115-yard run against Wesleyan in the Yale game of 1884; of Sam White's tide-turning jaunt against Harvard in 1911; of Eckersall's brilliant broken field running; of Brickley's drop kicks, and Kipke's punts. There is no end of them, yet each represents a gridiron episode dear to the memories of lovers of the moleskins.

THE END

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AUNT EMMY was born in the spring of 1890, makin' her thirty-five year old this comin' Halloween. She has a fascinatin' personality and irresistible smile, and yet there come a time when her husband lost his temper. One day he got so mad at her that she hit him with a vacuum cleaner and sent him back to his old man.

Repentin' in a moment of weakness, she admitted him to the house again. Well sir, in spite of the interested neighbors, it worked out all right, and I'll tell you why. When her husband gits quarrelsome now Aunt Emmy feeds him a couple of little chocolate tablets. And I would say, jest offhand, there ain't a happier couple in forty mile.

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A Suc in CH

Paul Muni Scores Ano Drama; A Lubitsch B Picture, and Tallulah Ba

By FREDERIC

A vivid, startling panorama of life in a Southern chain gang gives Paul Muni a chance to make a second hit. He is shown with Edward Ellis (right).

(Reading time: 6 minutes 50 seconds.)

WHEN you saw that greatest of all gangster films, Scarface, you carried away an unforgettable memory of Paul Muni in the chief rôle. This Muni has just turned in another sensational performance as the runaway convict of I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang.

Muni, whose real name is Muni Wisenfreund, was born in Vienna thirty-five years ago. He was well known in the Jewish theater of New York before he turned to the English-speaking stage.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang

Cruelty has gone hand in hand with the thing we call punishment since pre-galley days. The law takes no consideration of the individual case. Doses of isolation and harshness are meted out with a judicial yardstick.

One of the worst developments of our prison system is the chain gang. The story upon which this film is based is the work of a real fugitive, one Robert E. Burns, who still is sought by a Southern state.

I suspect that the harsh details of I Am a Fugitive are essentially true, that men really go through these agonies that they may hold to life—despised, broken-spirited, beaten.

This picture unrelentingly presents the life panorama of a young man out of a job, shunted to a chain gang for a term of ten years. He escapes to start life all over, works himself to the top—when his past overtakes him. The publicity attendant upon his case rankles the vanity of the chain-gang state, and that commonwealth demands that he return. The mere return will satisfy the state, then he will be pardoned. So he is told. But when he goes back he finds that the state's word is nothing. Eight more years of hard labor are ahead of him. Maddened, he escapes again, this time to remain a hunted wanderer, without home or hope.

Paul Muni is splendid as the chain-gang victim. All the other rôles are well done, but they are incidental to Muni and to Mervyn Le Roy's tense, vigorous direction.

★ ★ ★ ½ Trouble in Paradise

As far as the poles from the sweat and blood of I Am a Fugitive is Ernst Lubitsch's newest boudoir comedy.

For his hero Mr. Lubitsch takes a suave, debonair crook who has joined up with a lively light-fingered blonde. Gaston and his Lily move across the Continent, from Venice to Paris, disturbing the placid, puzzled police. In

Stuart Erwin and Sharon Lynne in The Big Broadcast, an all-star radio film which is dominated by Bing Crosby.

cess
AINS

Hit in a Southern Convict
ir Comedy, an All-Radio
ead in the Current Offerings

JAMES SMITH

Paris Gaston steals the valuable jeweled purse of the beautiful perfume heiress, Marianne. He returns to obtain the heavy reward, is given the job of secretary by the susceptible Marianne. Gaston moves in to rob, with Lily as his secretarial aid.

There you have Mr. Lubitsch's frothy plot. Will Gaston turn honest for his golden brunette, Marianne, or will he disappear with a fortune and his Lily?

That able English actor, Herbert Marshall, is a happy choice for the rôle of Gaston and he is at his best. It seems to me that Miriam Hopkins, as the rowdy Lily, shades Kay Francis, who plays the sentimental Marianne.

Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, and Miriam Hopkins in a scene from Trouble in Paradise, featuring a suave crook torn between two lovely charmers.

★ ★ THE BIG BROADCAST

Bing Crosby, the radio crooner, steals this film from some experienced movie mummers. Bing is not exactly a film amateur. He has learned the ropes in a number of screen shorts.

The less said about the plot of The Big Broadcast the better. Anyway, it is merely a framework upon which to hang an all-star broadcast, in which you see and hear such ether idols as Kate Smith, Burns and Allen, Arthur Tracy, the Boswell Sisters, the Mills Brothers, and others. Herein lies the film's novelty.

★ FAITHLESS

Metro-Goldwyn borrowed Tallulah Bankhead from Paramount for this final film of her current movie contract.

Bill Wade, the high-paid executive of an advertising agency, loves an heiress. Then the depression wipes out Bill's job and the girl's fortune. They drift to bread lines and even worse—but out of it all we are shown that they find true love.

Miss Bankhead seems wasted in her rôle, while Robert Montgomery is even more out of place.

Do you know that—

Norma Shearer was an extra in D. W. Griffith's Way Down East, in which Lillian Gish starred?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy.

★★★—One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface.

Faithless, a love-triumphs film, provides a mediocre medium for Tallulah Bankhead and Robert Montgomery

HOME PAPERS,

The Story of a Woman's Sacrifice and a Man's Redemption

(Reading time: 21 minutes 20 seconds.)

YOU'VE often seen that tag line at the end of a news item: "Home papers, please copy." Small-town editors watch for it, and pick it up for half a stick or two. About a former resident doing something—usually dying; perhaps committing suicide. Almost always it writes the epitaph, seldom the happy ending.

If you know the history back of those few lines of print, it gives you a smug feeling and you say, "Just about what I expected!" Gives you a pleasant thrill of security; makes you glow a little with pardonable pride that you've kept to steadfast, sober ways. Yes, a few lines like that pack a stunning moral. And so it is with the brief item I have here on my desk about the Don Thornes. Or I may be wrong.

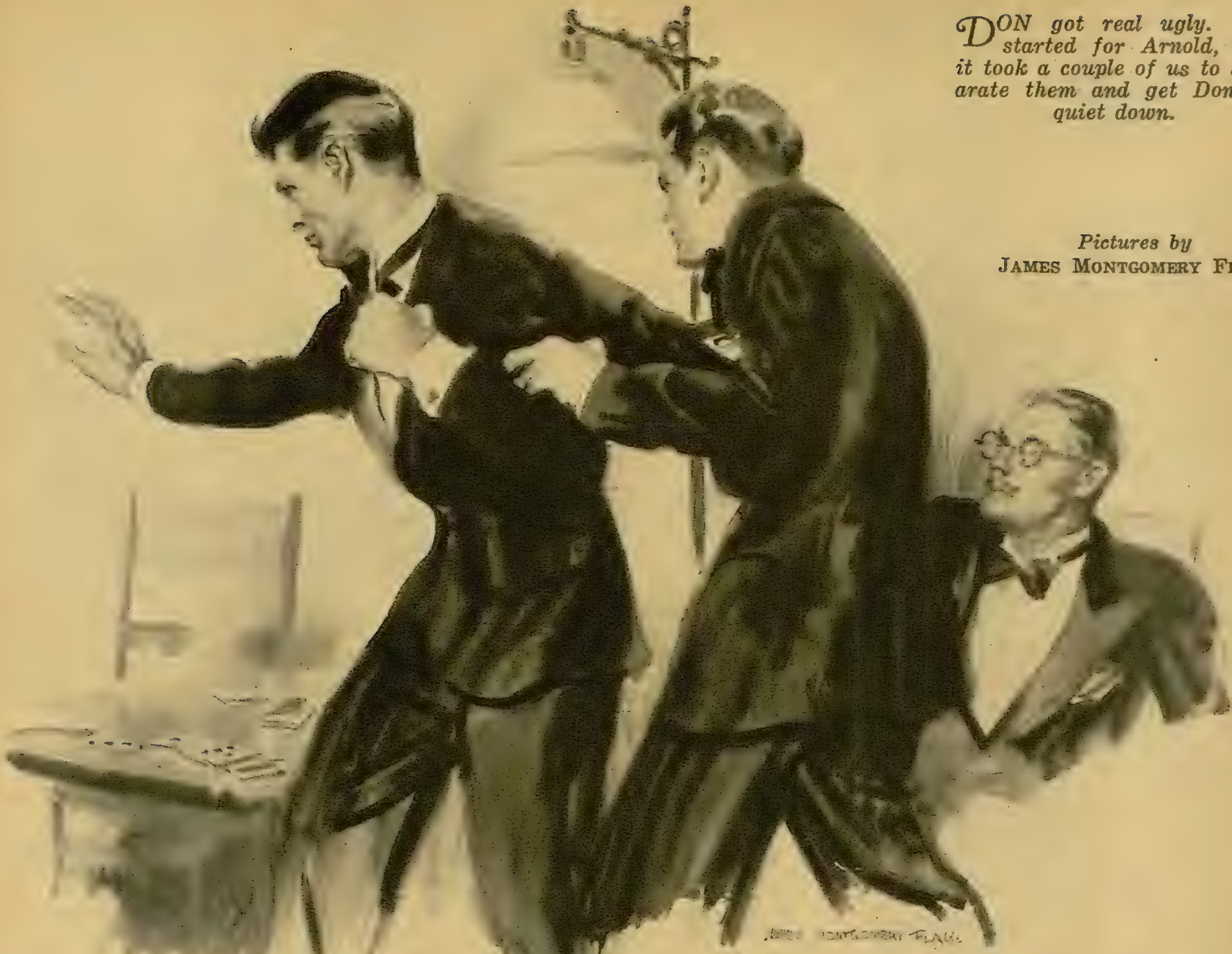
Don and Judy Thorne! That was a scandal the home town has never finished talking about. The Don Thornes and Arnold Rockwell. Will I ever forget! That was how I got the scar over my left eye. But wait. First, you'd better hear about Judy. Prettiest girl in town by all odds, and the wildest. Teasing, dancing, laughing brown eyes that caught you on fire and made you want to hurt her.

You know? A great kid, Judy.

I went for her in a big way myself when I first got out of medical school, knowing all the time she was the last girl in the world to make a doctor's wife.

She could, in fact, have married any of us, including Joe Prentiss. Old Facts-and-Figures Joe, who was the town's prize exhibit. Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year at college, the state's youngest national bank president, chap the governor consulted on Farm Relief! And Judy could have had him and his money for the saying of one little word, because Joe was wild about her.

Then Don Thorne came home from abroad, where he'd been for three years after finishing Yale; apparently—to



Don got real ugly. He started for Arnold, and it took a couple of us to separate them and get Don to quiet down.

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

PLEASE COPY

By AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSTON

hear some of his tales—trying to finish the cognac supply of Paris while he got on to the fact that he wasn't a second Leonard Merrick or Paul Morand and that the real literature was being turned out in Sauk Center or Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, rather than in the Quartier Latin.

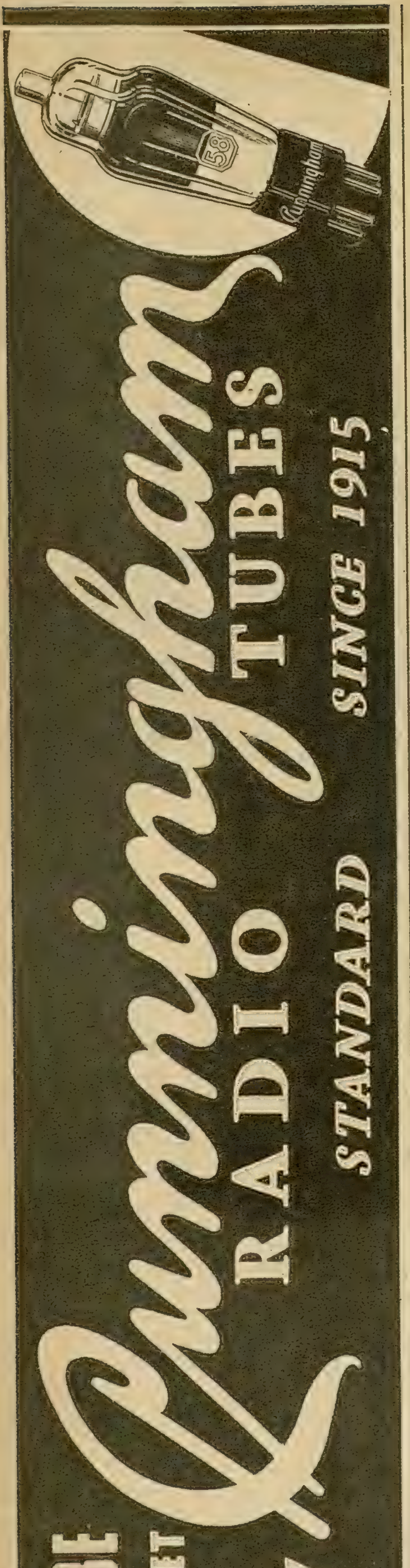
Funny, isn't it, how girls like Judy always fall for the Don Thorne type and the Don Thornes always get girls like Judy? That was a little scandal in itself. It was all mixed up with Joe Prentiss' wedding, too. That's what handed us such a laugh.

You see, after Judy finally got through with Joe he turned to her best friend, Clara Martin. Clara was all that Judy wasn't. Sweet and soft and advice-grateful, which must have had quite an appeal to a banker. Pretty soon they had the wedding invitations out.

Judy, of course, was maid of honor, and Don, for no apparent reason, best man. Clara's father, who was always great on upholding the dignity of the Constitution, planned on not having any liquor at the wedding. But Don turned up at the church magnificently plastered. He punctuated each one of the "I do's" with a smothered but none the less audible "whurp," and when the minister asked for the ring, he gravely produced a doughnut from his pocket. Then, during the wedding reception at Clara's home, Don went up to the happy couple, saluted stiffly, muttered, "I am going to join my regiment!" and slid into a smiling slumber on the floor.

We wanted to bundle him off to a Turkish bath; but Judy, who was pretty high herself, said to leave him alone; all he needed was a pick-up and she knew where she could get plenty. So we dumped him into her roadster and she waved good-by to us and started off, her little car zigzagging all over the road.

That was the last we heard of them until the next morning, when word came that Judy's car had been found



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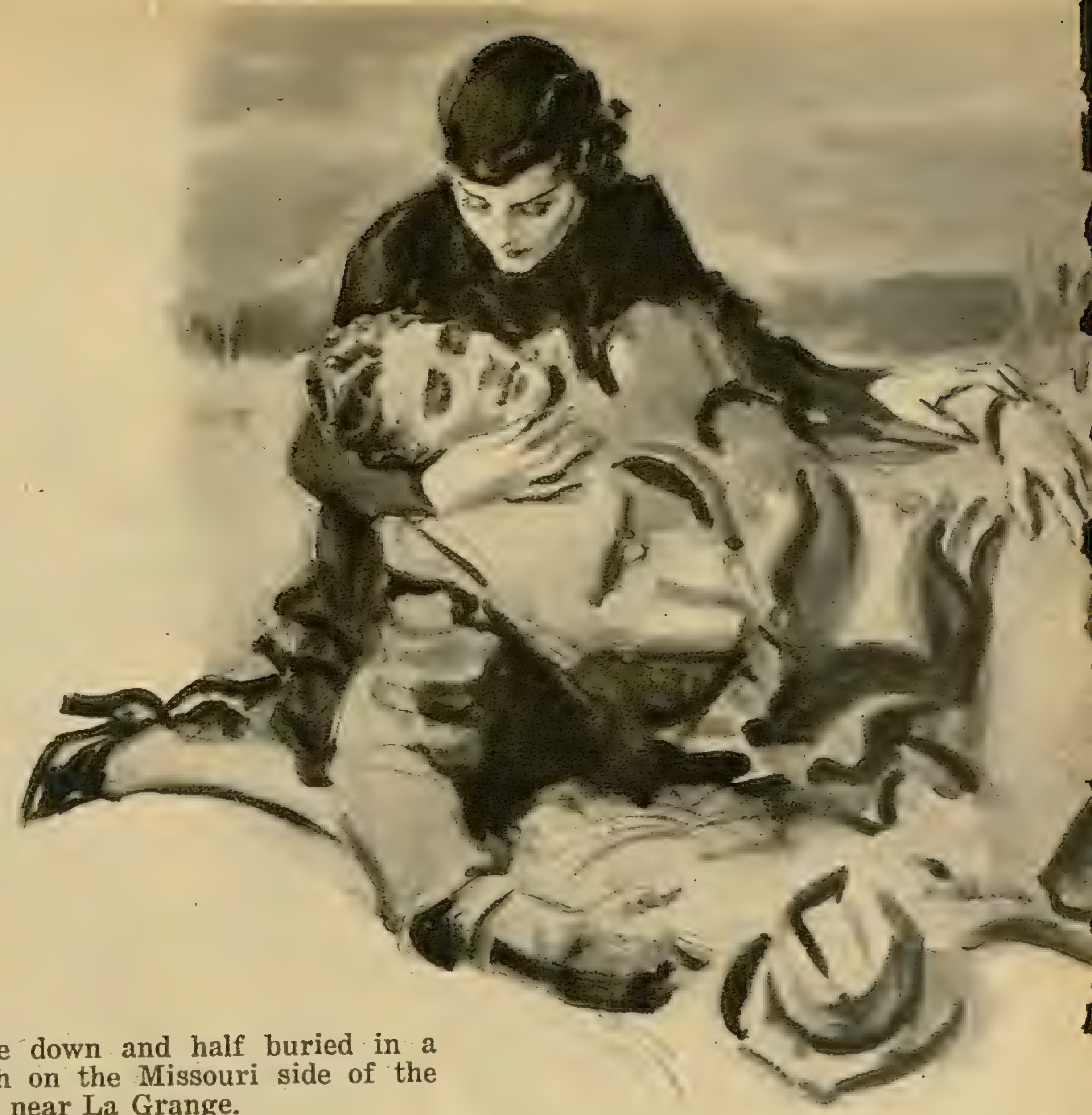

upside down and half buried in a slough on the Missouri side of the river, near La Grange.

I took Judy's mother and a couple of other weeping relatives in my car to investigate. And it was Judy's bus all right, but there was no trace of Judy, or Don either. Then someone remembered an old hunting shack the gang used to have on Fish Cake Island, and we got a farmer to row us over.

When we reached the place no one answered our calls, but I shoved open the door and, honestly, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry or swear or what. For there, on one of the bunks, were Judy and Don fast asleep.

I wish you could have heard Judy's mother! After listening to that dowager sound off, I realized where Judy got her spunk, if not her sense of humor.

Well, after a while we gleaned the information from the pair that they hadn't been too tight to get married, so the only harm done was the damage to Judy's mother's jaw and the fact they'd committed matrimony in such a way they'd missed out on wedding presents.

When the excitement died away, Don and Judy settled down—after a fashion. Don had about ten thousand dollars he had just inherited from his grandfather, so he bought the Jergins car agency for the town and he and Judy set up housekeeping. They took, on mortgage, a smart little Tudor house: green shutters, shingled roof, rose trellises, and honeysuckle; bright chintz inside with etchings on the walls and lots of pillowy places to sprawl.

If they'd been popular individually before, the crowd and the town simply gloated over Don and Judy now. They were so happy and childishly pleased with everything. Not lovey-dovey at all; just humorously nuts about each other, as the saying goes.

Of course they were continually mobbed; the little house couldn't begin to hold the gang that wanted to pour in, night after night.

You know? Young married couples. The Jazz Age—before the stock market began to go slowly mad. Smart to drink hard; smart to slip one hundred and twenty dollars to a furtive-eyed bootlegger for a case of raw Scotch. Smart to wake up in the mornings with a scalded tongue and somebody else's head on your shoulders—because this couldn't be yours; it didn't fit at all; it was too big and it hurt. Then smart to snap a stiff eye opener down the hatch to quench the fires before you hit for the office. The smart set!

THERE was just one little thing wrong. Don had somehow overlooked the fact that there were only about a dozen families in town at that time who could afford a big expensive car like the Jergins. And with Don taking us all for eighty-mile-an-hour demonstrations ending up with hooch at the prices it was in those days, there could be only one answer.

Don and Judy took it like bricks. They gave a bankruptcy party with sheriff's signs for place cards and hollow suction gavels filled with the last of Don's Scotch. Some brawl! With Don and Judy as bright and

SHE ran to Don and sank down beside him in the mud, saying, "Don! What's the matter? Are you hurt?"

hilarious as though they had just inherited a million.

. And afterward Don never soured the least bit. Just geared up his drinking a notch, and dropped around to our offices with only the barest sort of hint that he could use a job if anybody stepped forth and offered one.

Finally old Facts-and-Figures did. He gave Don a berth at the bank, and Judy's mother crashed through with enough for them to rent a cheap little place over in the Vermont section of town and keep up with things in a kind of second-rate fashion.

It didn't make any difference with the gang—or, at least, not much. Don and Judy couldn't afford to throw any parties themselves, but they were asked everywhere. You could always count on those two for life in the party and amusement for your guests.

All this time Judy and Clara kept getting closer friends than ever. Clara was just through having her second baby and her third year of marriage to old Facts-and-Figures, and, as her family physician, I guessed that she was bored stiff. She hung on to Judy Thorne for the excitement Judy was always sure to pack around with her.

And Judy—well, she was just soft-headed about Clara's kids. I imagine that by this time she figured Don would never make enough money for them to have any of their own, and she took it out on Clara's. She used to go over every Wednesday, when the nurse was out, to help give them their baths and put them to bed. . . .

It was at the Friday-night poker games that I first began to notice a change in Don. You know how every town has its big social racket? In ours it was that Friday-night game.

"I'm only a bride but I've learned this"

"When you're married to a young fellow who is starting out in the world with a small salary and has already taken one 'cut', you certainly puncture a lot of theories while attempting to make both ends meet—theories about what should be spent for clothes, for groceries, even for tooth paste.

"Before marriage I used to think that unless a dress cost $45 it wasn't fit to be worn. Now I know better. I don't wear that kind any more. I used to think that one had to pay absurd prices for food, for meat, to get quality. But the depression and a few shopping tours with the I-want-my-money's-worth attitude convinced me that I was wrong about that, too.

"Finally I began to look at tooth paste with the critical eye of the Budgeteer. I asked myself 'Is there any sense in paying 40¢ or more for a dentifrice?' After a little experimenting, I learned that for 25¢ I could buy the finest quality tooth paste. At the outset I was a little skeptical but time proved that my teeth were whiter, my gums firmer, and my mouth healthier as a result of using Listerine Tooth Paste.

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Just six or seven families in it, and only about once in five years a new family broke in.

Before the smash-up Don always played a strong, reckless game.

But after the crash I guess Don was afraid to take so many chances. At any rate, it wasn't long before he became the consistent loser of the crowd. It's always that way, isn't it? The fellow who can least afford to lose invariably winds up holding the bag.

I can still see those games. Judy playing silent and careful, picking up maybe five or ten dollars a session. Don drinking too much, and slamming down four tens to be topped by four queens. Or asking nervously to see the cards after a hand was all over, and looking sort of wild-eyed when he found that the two small pairs he'd thrown away would have won the pot in a walk.

Judy never complained, though we all knew that the twenty or thirty dollars Don dropped meant she would have to go on wearing her old hat a while longer, or even have to ask her mother to help them out with the end-of-the-month bills again. After the game she would steer Don out to their old Jergins, which they had managed to save from the crash, and they'd go roaring away out to that forlorn Vermont section while the rest of us purred home in our late models.

THAT'S the way things were going when Arnold Rockwell came to town. You remember Arnold Rockwell, the fellow who made such a hit in several New York shows a few seasons back? You probably never knew that he was a native of our town, or that his real name was Guasti Rocelli. But that's who he was—son of the Rocellis who'd had a fruit-and-vegetable place on Market Street as far back as I can recall.

Arnold went to the public schools when our crowd did. Nice enough kid. I remember the morning recess in the third grade, when he and Judy got into a tooth-and-nail scramble together. Judy was always like that: picking fights with the boys when she had all the girls properly subdued.

But after high school we drifted back to our own gangs, and beyond hearing in a vague way that Guasti had run away from home, we lost track of him until Dave Gillespie recognized him in a New York show and went back stage to say hello.

Then Rockwell came home, and you should have heard the talk the first time he was seen walking out of the fruit-and-vegetable market in his English-tailored clothes and fawn-suède spats! But it wasn't the clothes and it wasn't the spats; it was the cream-colored foreign roadster drawn up at the curb that caused the commotion. The horn on that car! It sounded "toodle-de-hoo-hoo!" in a sort of superior, insulting way that made you feel the place for your American crate was on the sidewalk.

FOR about a week we let Rockwell alone. Then we got together, compared notes, and decided it was silly; here was one of the most popular actors in the country, a native of the old home town, and we weren't doing a thing for him. We delegated Judy to break the ice, which she did—stopping him on the street one day and asking him if he remembered the fight they'd had in the third grade. Arnold smiled all over the place. Of course he remembered! And he said Judy had grown up even more lovely than he'd expected.

So they talked a lot, with the upshot that Judy asked him if he wouldn't like to come to the poker game that Friday night. Arnold came, and made a great hit, with his spicy stories of New York and the stage.

The crowd went for him, husbands and wives both, though maybe the wives thought more about him than the men—it's usually that way when a new male, darkly handsome and smooth-mannered, enters the scene. And there wasn't a night that Arnold didn't have one or more engagements. He really brought the crowd back to the old pitch of gayety that children and domesticity had sort of put the damper on. And what a pair he and Judy were at the dances! Don was drinking too much to be a good stepper, but Arnold and Judy fitted together like two aces and two more aces.

I don't remember when people first began talking about them. Little hints, sly allusions. Perhaps it was the time Don passed out cold on Joe's sofa—the party was at old Facts-and-Figures' house that Friday evening—and Judy made rather a point of letting Arnold take her home. We all offered to, but Judy laughed and said she'd had enough domesticity for the evening, and anyway there were a lot of things she wanted to talk over with Arnold. So we left Don to sleep it off all night there on the sofa, and hoped he wouldn't hear about Judy and Arnold.

But I guess he did. You know how somebody in a crowd simply can't help passing the poison. Usually exaggerated too. Anyway, for the next week Don drank harder than ever. Even at the bank during business hours. And at the next poker party he and Judy had words over some fool hand —the first I'd ever heard between them. When Arnold started to interfere and said Judy was in the right, which she was, Don got real ugly. He started for Arnold and it took a couple of us to separate them and get Don out on the veranda to quiet down.

Judy didn't come with us. She joined Arnold, who, with a kind of shrugging indifference to the whole affair, was chatting with Clara Prentiss in a corner.

After that, little by little, Don began to be left out of things. It wasn't that our crowd didn't like him any more or felt superior. It was rather that his drinking had begun to be embarrassing; and it made us uncomfortable the way he inevitably lost at poker. He missed one Friday-night session, and tacitly we agreed that it would be better for all concerned if he were left out of the next one.

It went along that way. We told ourselves smugly that we were helping Don by not inviting him, though the Lord knows most of the crowd were convinced by this time there was nothing that could be done for poor old Don!

Judy kept on going almost as much as before. Someone would call her up and ask her to be a fourth at bridge, usually as Arnold Rockwell's partner, and ask, "Won't Don come along too? He can cut in." And sometimes you could hear Don's voice over the telephone roaring from across the room, "No, damn 'em! He won't!"

SO Don dropped out. We'd see Judy and Arnold, always quite properly—and therefore all the more suspiciously—chaperoned by Clara, racing around in Arnold's cream-colored roadster, with that foreign horn chiming "Toodle-de-hoo-hoo!" And the poison still being passed.

But I didn't take it seriously until one evening when I was over in Hannibal, trying to collect some long-due fees, and I heard something that sent me sky-hooting back to town as fast as six cylinders could take me. I reached Don's a little before nine o'clock. He was sitting alone with a book and a bottle of whisky at his elbow. The bottle was nearly empty.

"Have a drink?" he greeted me.

"No, thanks," I said, taking a chair. "Just dropped in for a minute. How's that kidney behaving?" Somehow I couldn't bring myself to bust right out with what I'd come for; I had to feel my way.

"Rotten," Don said. "I'm going to quit drinking. And," he added, as though the thought had just struck him, "I'm going to quit this town too."

"Oh, come now, old man!" I protested.

"Why not?" he said. "There's nothing more for me in this dump. And," he added casually, "Joe fired me today."

"Joe fired you!"

Don nodded. "And I don't blame him. Drinking never did mix with

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banking. Besides, as Joe says, it would never do for the bank to be involved in a scandal."

"A scandal?" I blinked, remembering what our whole crowd had been thinking for some time. About Judy and Arnold Rockwell.

But I could tell from what Don said next he hadn't understood what Joe had been hinting about.

"Joe's afraid my drinking might get me into a mess that wouldn't be dignified. And a bank's got to be dignified."

"He should have warned you. Given you a chance to buck up," I said hotly.

"Oh, don't go knocking old Facts-and-Figures," Don said. "When I was broke and needed a job he was the only one of the whole bunch that came across. Although," he added thoughtfully, "I suppose he only did that because Clara was such friends with Judy. Well, anyway, that's all washed up. I'm leaving for somewhere else. I've been the town drunkard and the town fool. I've given everybody else a good time except myself. You've all got your homes and your kids and your unholy bank accounts, while Judy and I—"

"By the way, where is Judy?" I asked, remembering what I'd heard in Hannibal that afternoon.

"She's over at Clara's. Bridge or something. I guess she's about through with me too."

"You're sure she's at Clara's?"

"I just said so, didn't I?" he snapped.

"I see," I said slowly. Then: "Heard a funny thing over in Hannibal this evening, Don. A friend of mine heard Arnold Rockwell boasting in a speakeasy over there that he was going to run away with one of our town's social lights—prettiest little wife of the crowd—tonight." I stopped there; but still Don didn't seem to understand what I was driving at.

He said, "What's it to me who that fancy actor runs away with? Any fool woman who'd fall for him—"

YOU know how it is. The husband's always the last one to suspect what all the world knows. I went on gently, "Don't you think you'd better call Clara's house and see if Judy's there?"

He got it then. All of a heap. He swayed to his feet and stood over me, blazing. "Why, damn you!" he screamed. "You're not trying to hint that—" He broke off, grabbed up the telephone and shouted a number. And when he got the connection, he snapped, "Please call Mrs. Thorne to the phone."

I could guess by the way the blood drained out of his face what the answer was. He nodded dully, then hung up, and turned to me with a shaky laugh. "I guess—something's funny—all right," he said. "The maid tells me—Clara's out with friends, and they—they haven't seen Judy all evening."

I said, "Better take a drink, old man. Steady on!"

But he only shook his head, staring hard at nothing, and mumbled, "I guess something's funny, all right. I guess—I guess something's funny—all right."

Then came that damned "toodle-de-hoo-hoo!" cry of Rockwell's horn, jeering, insulting. Don tore for the door, flung it wide open. And there was no mistaking that cream-colored roadster, swerving wide past a slower car as it tore down the Hannibal Pike. Yes, and the moon was full and by its flooding light we could make out Rockwell's sleek black head and, snuggling close to him, a woman in a black-and-white tricorn hat!

Just a flash, but that was enough. There wasn't any use saying anything. Everyone in town knew that tricorn hat of Judy's. Clara had brought it back from New York for her, and, as it was the only decent one she owned, Judy had worn it so consistently that—as she jokingly said herself—she was afraid it would grow to her scalp.

FOR a moment I was half afraid to look at Don. And when I did I was sorry, for I have never seen so much pain in a man's face in all my life.

"Judy!" was all he could say. "Judy!"

Then, "Listen!" he jerked, grabbing my arm. "We've got to stop them! She doesn't know what she's doing. It's all my fault. I've been a fool, but she can't—"

I started to lead the way to my shiny new cabriolet, but he stopped me. "Hell!" he said. "We're going to take a *car!*"

So he shoved me into that old Jergins of his, pushed about a dozen buttons, and we were off with a roar like a fireworks shop exploding on the third of July.

Now I've ridden in automobiles and automobiles. But I've never had, and never want to have again, a ride like Don took me in that old bus of his. In the first place, I guess the noise made us seem to be going faster than we were. Whatever muffler Don had had, he'd blown off four years back, and he'd never had enough money to buy himself a new one. With the rattle and the zoom of the air and the explosions of the motor, I had all the sensations of a June bug caught on a skyrocket.

But the old bus could step! The clock on the instrument board was dead, and the speedometer was deader—it worked backward. It shot wildly up to eighty-five, then bounced back to zero and stayed there. It took us a thousand years and no time at all to cover the eight miles to Marblehead—over four arterial highway stops, two railroad crossings, and a chicken. And that river road was never exactly one the Chamber of Commerce could boast about!

Right beyond Marblehead we caught sight of the cream roadster. I thought we were going to run right over it, but Don gave a great honk on his hand-operated horn, and Arnold answered with his "toodle-de-hoo-hoo," and stepped on the gas—and the chase was on!

Say, if we'd been going like the wind before, we were riding on the lightning now. I'll hand it to the foreigners. They sure built a car when they built Rockwell's. But I guess God must have lent the Jergins an extra cylinder that night.

The end came at Bodiker's Bend, a death curve if there ever was one, where you have to shoot almost at right angles to make the bridge, or plunge through a flimsy rail into the river. Arnold missed the turn, and I closed my eyes for just a second as Don braked to a screaming halt, which landed me up against the windshield. That's how I got the scar over my eye. But I never even felt it then, nor noticed the blood trickling down my cheek. Everything was happening too fast.

Before I could collect myself, Don was out of the car and scrambling pell-mell down the embankment. He waded out to Rockwell's car, or what was left of it, turned upside down in the water. And over the throbbing of the bullfrogs and the buzz of the crickets I could hear him calling in the darkness, "Judy! Judy! Judy!"

Pretty soon he came sloshing back with a bent form in his arms, and when we got her under the headlights of the old Jergins, it wasn't Judy at all, but Clara! She opened her eyes, unhurt except for the shock; and then Don just flopped down in all the muck of the river's edge and lay there sobbing and sobbing.

HE was still there, dead to my command that he get a grip on himself, when the headlights of another car flashed up and stopped. And it was Judy. She ran to Don and sank down beside him in the mud, saying, "Don! What's the matter, Don? Are you hurt?" Kissing him and crying too.

One thing about small-town papers, any scandal can be hushed up or kept entirely out of print, even though everyone in town knows every juiciest detail and prattles across the back fence about it for months afterward. So all the local journals said was that Arnold Rockwell was killed in a motor accident—which was true enough.

But apparently half the populace had seen that tricorn hat speeding away in Rockwell's car, and naturally the story got out that Judy was the woman who ran away with Rockwell the night he was killed.

And I guess for the sake of Clara's kids, Judy and Don thought that was the best thing for them to think. Anyway, in a couple of days the both of them just faded; left town without telling a soul.

ABOUT three months later Joe was sent to Europe on a tariff commission, and came down with the flu and died. Clara passed away three days later, having caught the infection nursing him. It wasn't up to me to spill something which Don and Judy wanted kept secret, so the town never did get the true hang of that Rockwell affair, which was that Judy, as Clara's best friend, had known all about Clara and Rockwell and had gone that night to Rockwell's apartment to argue Clara out of the elopement. She'd hidden Clara's hat and coat to keep her from going, but Clara had taken Judy's things and slipped off somehow, which was why we saw the tricorn hat in Rockwell's car.

But the town and our crowd said nasty things about the Don Thornes. They said that Judy running away with Arnold Rockwell was no more than Don deserved. That neither he nor Judy would ever come to any good end.

And that's why I have to chuckle when I read the item about Don Thorne lying here on my desk as I write this, a thousand miles away from the home town, three years after the Don Thornes disappeared. I just happened to be passing through here on a pleasure trip when I picked up a local newspaper and read what I now pass on:

> Double elation reigned in the home of Don Thorne, popular young civic and social leader, here today. First, Mr. Thorne was elected Vice President of the Northern Power and Light Company at a meeting of the Board of Directors this morning. Shortly afterward he was notified of the birth of a baby daughter, Judith, weighing six pounds, nine ounces.

Need I add, "Home papers, please copy"?

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Day of Rest

MOTHER: No, I certainly will not play cards with you. Don't you know the Lord made Sunday as a day of rest?

Small Boy: But, mother, I don't need the rest; I'm not tired!—Mrs. E. B. Rossiter, Oliver, B. C., Canada.

Royal Definition

"JUST what is a princess, anyway?" inquired the teacher.

For a moment there was silence. Then shy little Dorothy Ann volunteered in a loud whisper: "It's a slip!"—Frances Allison, Florence, Kansas.

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LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
For Colds
PRICE 30 CENTS
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

How the Aviator Hero of a Wrecked Plane Fought in Vain to Save Five Others from Death in the Sea

THE Only ONE to Live

By
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS
and HAROLD M. FARKAS

Picture b
MORTIMER
WILSON, JR

(Reading time: 12 minutes 40 seconds.)

MORE than any other section of ocean, the Caribbean has become the airplane sea. Innumerable lines of air transportation reach across its sapphire salt wastes from Texas, from Louisiana, but especially from Miami, Florida. Tons of mail, hundreds of people, have been and are being carried safely back and forth by air from the United States to island or remote South American airports. But once in a while something goes wrong—and a plane drops.

Then, upon warning by radio, from the constant watchfulness of ships and other planes, the word goes out. And men leap to the rescue planes.

Bob Moore is generally the first man up. Because Bob Moore knows. No other man's heart, of them all, can feel so acutely that cold clutch of remembered fear such as those on the wrecked plane must be feeling. He has spent tireless hours and days wheeling in the lonely silver air hunting for the tiny spot below that means lives adrift. He was the man who searched days for Paul Redfern, the lost flyer from New Brunswick; for Mrs. Keith-Miller, lost in the Bahamas; and for many others. And he was the first man up when Santo Domingo called for food, clothing, doctors, and medical aid after the hurricane of 1930.

No man combats Bob's right to be first. For Bob Moore, ex-member of the French Ambulance Corps and ex-member of the original Lafayette Escadrille, returned once from being shot down in flames. But more than that, he is the sole survivor of the most gruesome airplane tragedy which these Southern waters have ever known.

Bob Moore was the only person to survive the loss of the seaplane Miss Miami, adrift for three days and nights beyond the sight of land or ships or planes. Bob Moore went through that and lived. He knows.

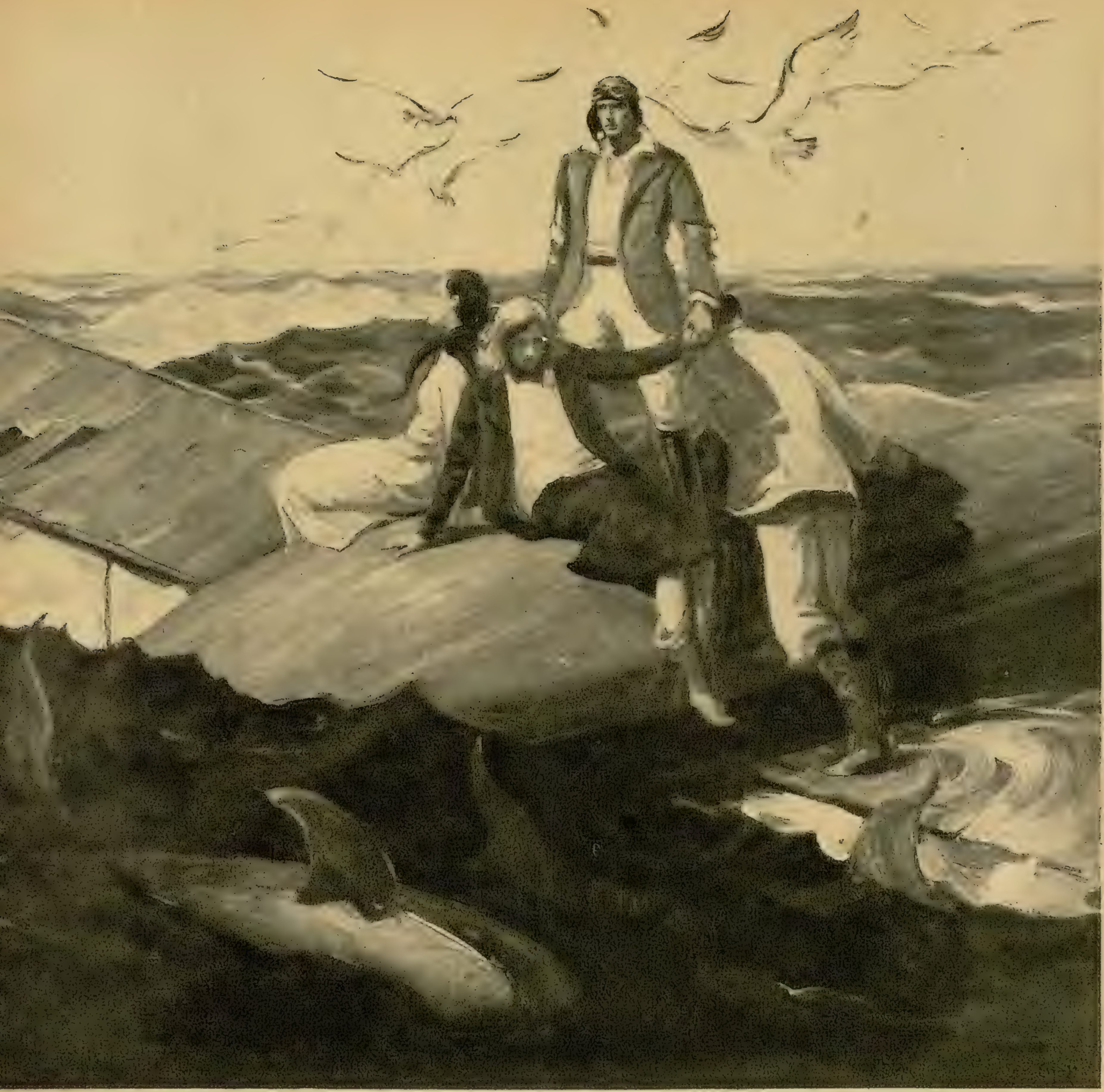
He is a slight, dark, lean-faced man with keen dark eyes. He looks the typical aviator. He knows about planes and about the twelve-winded sky. But he knows also the taste of salt water and the long menace of lonely wastes of it. No wonder he is the first searcher. He knows.

It was like this:

The Miss Miami, piloted by him, left Miami one March day for Bimini, carrying five passengers. They were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. August Bulte of Kansas City, and Mrs. J. S. Dickson of Memphis. They left Miami about eleven o'clock in the morning. There was a stiff northeasterly wind.

Half an hour after the take-off the plane reared and trembled. Bob realized instantly that the propeller had been disabled and there was nothing to do but go down. A few minutes before they had seen a fishing boat, tiny below, and had waved. Bob felt sure the boat would make toward them immediately.

The ocean that had seemed so flat leaped up at them



He talked on and on. They were good soldiers themselves, he told them. A good soldier never gave up.

with savage blue-black waves under a lashing March wind. The impact of landing on that rough surface was so great that the passengers were knocked about and bruised. Water immediately filled the fragile cockpit, and even while Bob was assuring them that the boat would be there immediately, he had to start bailing. There was very little talking. The women kept their faces quiet and watched Bob. The wind was cold through their light summer clothing, already wet.

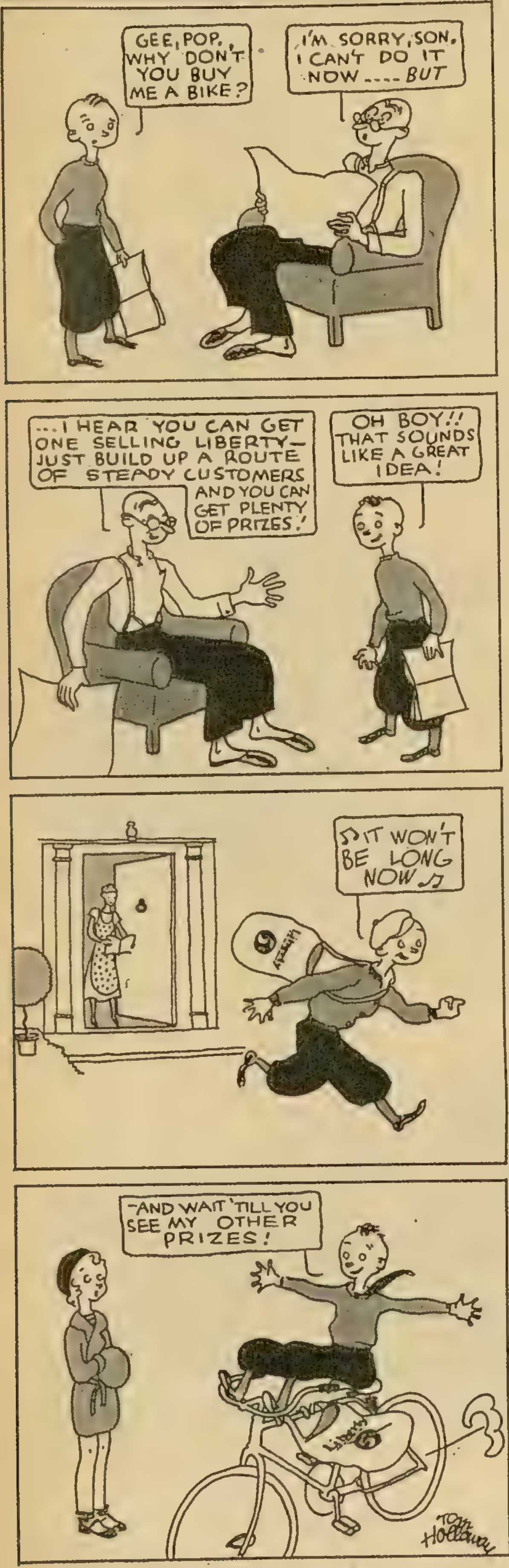
No boat came. Thirty minutes went by. The wind was so strong that the cloth of the wings and the left side of the plane were stripped off. The right side began to tip dangerously. Then on a high wave the ship rolled over completely, bottom up, throwing everybody out, some under it, into the surging water.

Bob was thrown wide. He could see Mr. and Mrs. Smith floundering. Then Mrs. Bulte came to the surface. Bob helped all three to the wet boat bottom and helped them clutch the small keel. But there were only those three. He dived and swam about frantically. He could see nothing. Gasping, he stared about him. There were no more heads in the water. He dived again under the overturned boat to get the life preservers and helped the three put them on. Then he dived yet again.

But when he came up that time he saw great spreading stains of red on the water. They might have been hit and injured with the overturning of the boat. Or there might be another reason. Close to him, too close, a black dorsal fin jigged by on a wave. Behind that there were five others moving in narrowing circles. Bob climbed up on the overturned boat by the three, and with them clung to the keel, his feet just out of the water.

In the three hours which followed, the boat's motion

"All things come to him who hustles while he waits"


GEE, POP, WHY DON'T YOU BUY ME A BIKE?
I'M SORRY, SON, I CAN'T DO IT NOW.... BUT
...I HEAR YOU CAN GET ONE SELLING LIBERTY— JUST BUILD UP A ROUTE OF STEADY CUSTOMERS AND YOU CAN GET PLENTY OF PRIZES!
OH BOY!! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT IDEA!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW
—AND WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE MY OTHER PRIZES!
Tom Holloway

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increased, and the four had increasing difficulty in clinging to the wet sides and tiny keelson. Time and time again Bob caught one or another just as they were about to slip off. Time and time again he did not snatch quite quickly enough, and so dived and trod water, getting the exhausted figure back up on the boat bottom, with the tired fingers holding again, before the leisurely fins came close.

At the end of those three hours they saw the sail of the fishing boat. It seemed fairly near them, coming in their direction. The women and the two men, who had not said much of anything, had not complained or cried, began one by one to laugh out loud. Bob stood up as best he could and waved and whistled. They all shouted. The sail grew a little larger. And then, in the midst of their laughter, it disappeared.

The already sharp winds were rising as the murky afternoon wore on. The wrecked plane was drifting out into the Gulf Stream, out where the waves always run high, but where now they were incredible heights of tumbling greeny-black water. Another sail showed for a while, a schooner this time. The passengers did not laugh, watching it. They turned their inflamed eyes wearily to look at it. The waves were beginning to break clean over them and the boat. One of the women, Mrs. Smith, lost her hold again and again, and was rescued by Bob.

The schooner's sail was there, moving about, for hours. It must have come within a mile and a half of them. They could not shout loud enough to attract its attention. After a long time the bit of white was gone. Looking at the others, Bob saw how wrecked with exhaustion they were. This second disappointment had taken almost all the heart out of them. They lay with their eyes closed, and one or another would be carried away by a wave. Bob was there instantly, holding them up, bringing them back.

IT was after that that Bob began talking to them steadily. His words were sometimes drowned in a great crest of a wave or carried off by the whooping wind. But in spite of that he talked on and on, telling them war stories, telling them stories about soldiers fighting against odds. They were good soldiers themselves, he told them. A good soldier never gave up. They were a select company of good soldiers and they would not lose heart. Mrs. Smith smiled a little at him and called him "Captain." And the long, bitter, roaring, perilous night swept over them out of the lowering sky.

It was Bob's opinion that they were drifting toward the Great Isaacs, an island north of Bimini. He clung to that belief. If no one picked them up, and it seemed to him after the two heartbreaking glimpses of heedless sail that no one would, and certainly not in the night, then their chance would be the island. But it was a night of no stars. The wind was stronger every hour and more bitter to their soaked bodies. Rain came from the heavy clouds, stinging their flesh to a new agony. And constantly now, or so it seemed to him, the three helpless beings in his charge slipped and lost their holds and were swallowed up in the engulfing sea. But he was quick enough to get them back.

He managed to work loose a rope from the nose of the boat and fasten them on with half hitches, so that their numbed fingers might be relieved a little. Still, time and time again one person or another would be pulled off. The weight would tighten the half hitches about the others. In this way two of Mrs. Smith's ribs were broken. She moaned a little, and Bob heard her whispering that it would be easier to die at once. Mrs. Bulte tried to encourage her.

WHEN dawn broke they had all swallowed so much salt water that they were nauseated. Their lips were puffy with salt and their eyelids were blistered. As the ghastly white light increased their faces burned with wind and the half-hidden sun. Bob tore pieces off his coat and made them masks for their faces.

Mr. Smith looked at him and said in a hoarse whisper:

"You're doing the wrong thing. They want to die. Let them alone. We will all be gone before long."

Bob said there was still a chance.

Mrs. Bulte was very weak. Bob said to her, "Come on. Soldiers don't weaken." She smiled at him. He had never seen anything like her smile. Then she made a peculiar noise in her throat. And died.

Mr. Smith had Mrs. Smith clutched tight in his arms. Bob heard her say, "We could close our eyes and let go, and it would be an end."

The boat was riding lower. Bob decided he would have to cut Mrs. Bulte's body loose. He let it slip off in a high wave. In about a minute the sharks were there. He did not see the body after that.

Sometime in the morning Mrs. Smith rested her head in her husband's arms and died. Mr. Smith loosed his hold reluctantly. Bob lowered the body into the sea. Now only the two men were left. They were much weakened and, under the terrible pounding of the waves, were no more than half-conscious.

Bob tied Mr. Smith to the hull with the rope, and tried to make his own thoughts clear. It seemed to him that if he could get the tail of the half-submerged plane into the wind it would not be torn to pieces so rapidly. He dived and swam and struggled, resting and gasping long moments. After a heartbreaking effort he got the plane turned. When he struggled back and gripped the sodden keel he thought suddenly of a little restaurant he knew in Miami where they had good waffles and bacon and coffee. He could almost smell the waffles. He clung and was pounded savagely, dizzily, in the raging waters. He shut his eyes and planned a whole seven-dollar meal. Mr. Smith was growing a little delirious.

"Oh, Joe, Joe," he muttered, "I'm slipping."

Bob tried to tie him on more securely. It was the evening of the second day. The second night crept down upon them. They clung, Mr. Smith in a light stupor. The dreadful night went on.

Toward the almost unbelievable morning of the third day Bob saw the lights of a freighter go by. He made an attempt to yell. He could not raise his voice. But he stared with his clouded glance at the brilliance of rockets from the ship. At least that meant that someone was looking for them. Or did it mean anything?

Bob Moore, the hero.

After the light had come back Mr. Smith roused a little. He was quite clear-headed. "Look here, Moore," he said feebly. "Let's figure this out. It's no use to try and put off the inevitable." Then suddenly he asked, "Moore, don't you think I had a brave wife?"

Bob replied, "I have never met a braver person than Mrs. Smith. She and Mrs. Bulte were regular people. Her sons should feel proud to call that woman mother."

"All right," said Mr. Smith. "Now, my boy, if anything should happen to me, and you should live to tell the tale, tell them how brave their mother was. Tell them the facts and tell them the truth about me. You will know as no other how I died."

Mr. Smith removed three one-dollar bills from his trousers pocket, tore holes in each bill, and handed them to Bob. "Give one to each of my boys," he said, and Bob took the bills. Then he told Bob something he was to tell his eldest son. Bob looked at him. Passionately he wanted this one to live. Mr. Smith looked at Bob and said feebly:

"I have something I want to give you. It is here in my trousers pocket." He weakly extracted a roll of bills, said there was $2,500 in it, and asked Bob to take it.

BOB said he could not accept it. He would rather loaf the rest of his life than take it. "Why, suppose, Mr. Smith, that I was found dead with this money in my pockets. What would people think? It is a question of honor with me, not money." Mr. Smith threw the money into the sea, and said: "Bob, give me your hand. God will bless you. A decent chap like you will never die out here. I feel you will be safe when I go. I know God will reward you in some way. I feel my time is approaching. God bless you, Bob."

Bob wouldn't give up so soon. "Now look here, Mr. Smith. You know what's going to happen? We are going to drift along about a half hour longer and we are going to sight an island. This old craft is going to just naturally head into that place, and I am going ashore first—I'll have to—and then I'll take care of you. Don't think about leaving me. Try and think that you and I are going through this thing to the end."

Mr. Smith's chin dropped upon his breast. He began calling, "Joe." A few minutes later he was unconscious.

To Bob it meant the end. The wind was rising and the waves began to beat over the wreckage again.

Mr. Smith died. Bob was determined to keep the body with him, but the sea grew rougher than ever. He was swept into it a dozen times.

HE said aloud, "I hate to do this, old man, but one of us must go." He removed Mr. Smith's helmet, coat, and glasses. Then he untied the body, and before releasing it said, "May I be seen in the eyes of God as doing my very best. I don't know your religion, but may God bless your soul."

In all that howling loneliness he was alone. Yet for himself he had not yet considered dying. The craft was submerging slowly. He thought at the end he might even ride the wing pontoons, although they were only three feet long. He could manage. But hunger was driving him frantic. He tore into the flesh between thumb and finger. Then he bit into his finger and then into his wrist. It seemed as if the warmth in his mouth helped a little. He stared at the tongue from his own shoe. But he couldn't eat that.

He must have drowsed or been numbed into unconsciousness. Late in the afternoon he opened his eyes with a jerk. There was a ship away ahead of him. But he didn't think much about it. Others had gone by. He was absorbed in the tormenting thought of sizzling bacon. Then he saw men on it and tried to shout at them. But of course it was no use.

When he saw another vessel on the horizon he heard himself saying, "I don't care a damn whether it stops or not." He told himself he would not even wave until he could see the white waves breaking at the bow.

There was a man in a small boat coming toward him. The man was looking at him. He had the most wonderful face Bob had ever seen in his life. Then everything went queer and black. But there was the warmth of men's hands lifting him up.

That is why today, when there is news of a wrecked plane in the Caribbean, Bob Moore, brown, healthy again, married, saying nothing of his medals, feels the bitterness of salt water in his throat, and is the first to fly.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

1—It comes from the Irish story of two cats who fought till nothing was left but their tails.

2—A local term of measure in England, varying from three to four bushels.

3—A canoe-shaped float attached to the foot, or a pair of these, for walking on water.

4—Conyskin dyed to imitate sealskin.

5—No; its use dates back more than 4,000 years.

6—When it contains certain dissolved substances, chiefly salts of calcium and magnesium.

7—It floats in water.

8—North of Scotland.

9—One which represents scenes from ordinary life.

10—Not now; at present it consists of water charged with carbon dioxide.

11—At Ymuiden, Holland, on the North Sea Canal.

12—Some authorities give Mcheuwomink; others give Maughwauwama.

13—Texas, California, and Montana.

14—About eight feet two or three inches.

15—A baker, Thearion, who lived in Sicily in the fifth century B. C.

16—To describe the intimidation of Negro voters in Louisiana.

17—November 16-20, 1869.

18—A white animal with black stripes.

19—About twenty miles.

20—A rose.

The Answer to the Aspirin Question

(question on page 27)

Aspirin was first used in 1899. To-day, in order to be sure of the purity, effectiveness and safety of the aspirin they use, increasing thousands are saying—"Squibb Aspirin, please!"

"Squibb Aspirin, please!"
SQUIBB ASPIRIN
SQUIBB ASPIRIN

SQUIBB ASPIRIN

PURE • EFFECTIVE • SAFE

WRITERS *Attention!*

$10,000 *has been set aside for unknown authors*

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

INSTRUCTIONS

●

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

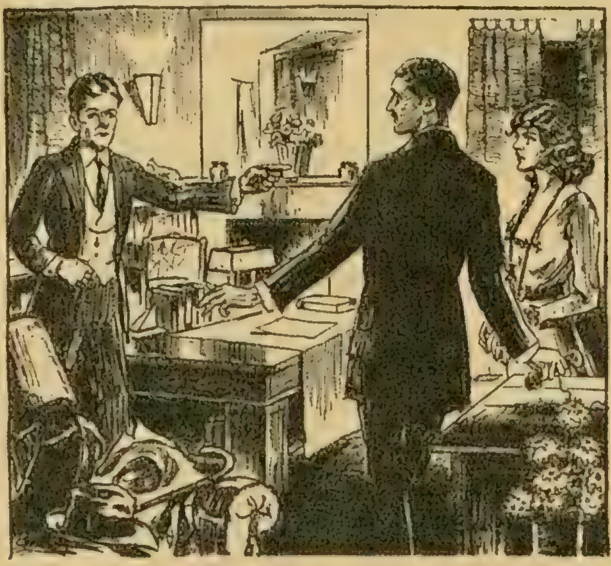
No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

MODERNISTIC

A Short Short Story



By

LEE PASQUIN

(Reading time: 5 minutes 29 seconds.)

THE apartment was smart in the modernistic manner: with cupboards and bookshelves set into the walls; even the phone had a special wall niche, though the directories had been stored away in a taboret behind a false book front which served as a door.

The woman was smart and sleek in her appearance, cut to a modernistic pattern like her furniture; but through her make-up there was plainly discernible a look of strain or anxiety. And the man, her husband, was aware of this, though his only outward indication was a faintly sardonic smile which occasionally twitched his mouth muscles, and a vague drumming of his fingers on the arm of his chair.

"Of course," he was saying in a matter-of-fact voice, "it may not be true. I do not insist that it is. For that matter, granting that it is true, it may not be susceptible of proof to the world at large. But"—and here his lips grew taut and grim—"if I am satisfied in my own mind that you and George have been intimate, that is enough for me. We're through. That's why I [illegible]ed him to come here tonight."

The house phone buzzed. The woman started involuntarily and her eyes asked a question. The man lifted the receiver. "Send him up," he said briefly.

The man who entered a moment later was sufficiently good-looking, but his expression showed signs of puzzlement tinged with what might have been fear or apprehension. He and the woman exchanged casual greetings.

"Sit down, George," urged the host, courteously indicating an easy-chair in the corner of the room. "I've asked you here tonight to help prove or disprove a rather vital thing between Helen and myself."

There was a slight pause. His guest nodded briefly.

"I am trying to avoid the melodramatic and go at this thing in the approved twentieth-century manner."

"Yes, I understand," the other answered crisply.

The woman gave the man a quick look; then her gaze was drawn back to her husband.

"Briefly, it's this," the latter continued. "I learned today, from a man who was at one time an occasional guest in our home, that there has been a growing intimacy between you and Helen. No—don't interrupt!" he exclaimed, silencing the outburst which seemed imminent on George's part. "This man, whose name as yet I have not mentioned to my wife, tells me that you and Helen have been seen together on a number of occasions."

"Well, what of it?" the woman interposed, with a slight laugh. "Surely you, Bill, are modern enough to—"

"But that is not all," her husband answered gravely. "I understand that you have entertained George in this apartment during my absence. In fact, you, George, have been seen coming in and going out from this apartment, not once, twice, but a number of times.

"Before you came I mentioned this matter to Helen. She denies it. She declares that you have never set foot in this place."

"Helen is absolutely right!" George exclaimed, starting forward from his chair. "Whoever told you this fantastic tale is lying, and for what purpose I can't imagine."

There was a questioning look upon his host's face.

"In an effort to get to the bottom of this matter, I naturally sent for you, George," he stated calmly. "What you have told me is, of course, what I hoped to hear."

George moved uneasily in his chair, but there was no indication of excitement from the woman.

"I've met your wife on several occasions which I happen to remember very well," George said casually. "You were present each time. As for my visiting your apartment during your absence, the very idea is too absurd to be taken seriously. Why, I've never even set foot in your apartment. Tonight's the first—"

"Fine," interrupted his host quickly. "That's just what I wanted to know. Please accept my apology for doubting you even momentarily. Now—there's one more little thing."

George settled back in his chair and drew a cigarette from an elaborate silver case. A slightly superior smile lingered about the woman's lips and her hand relaxed on the arm of her chair.

"This informant of mine is named Hough," Bill continued. "He lives over here on the West Side; Seventy-second Street is the address. He is listed, I believe, as H. O. Hough. I wish, George, that you would look up his number and call him for me. I'll just jot down a couple of questions I'd like to have you ask him when he gets here.

"You and Helen shall see the questions beforehand, of course, so that you will be convinced that I'm being fair and impartial. Just call him now, George, while I scribble this memo."

He took an old envelope from his pocket, squared toward the arm of his chair, and started to write slowly and painstakingly.

"Shall *I* call him? Would you prefer that *I* ask him to come here?" George asked hesitantly.

"Yes, if you will," came Bill's answer. "Tell him that we won't need more than five minutes of his time."

GEORGE laid down his cigarette, rose from his chair, and went across the room to the taboret with its false book front.

"Hough," he repeated vaguely, drawing out the directory, "H. O. Hough," turning the leaves until he found the line he sought: "Riverside 4379."

He lifted the French phone from its niche in the wall. "Riverside 4379."

"Stop, George!" Bill's voice cut in sharply. "It won't be necessary to make that call." He rose from his chair and sauntered over to the door.

"Thanks for your trouble," he said succinctly, lifting his hat and walking stick from a chair and resting one hand on the door knob.

He turned to his wife, and the sardonic smile which had been faintly in evidence throughout their entire conversation now overspread his features.

"You will recall that I told you that if *I* were satisfied with the proof of your guilt that would be sufficient."

The woman nodded her head in confirmation.

"Well, I am satisfied." His words came crisply and rapidly now. "I am satisfied that you are both guilty."

He glanced at the taboret from which George had but a moment before removed the telephone directory.

"If George had never been in this apartment before, how would he have known where to look for the directory?" And with a mocking smile he made his exit.

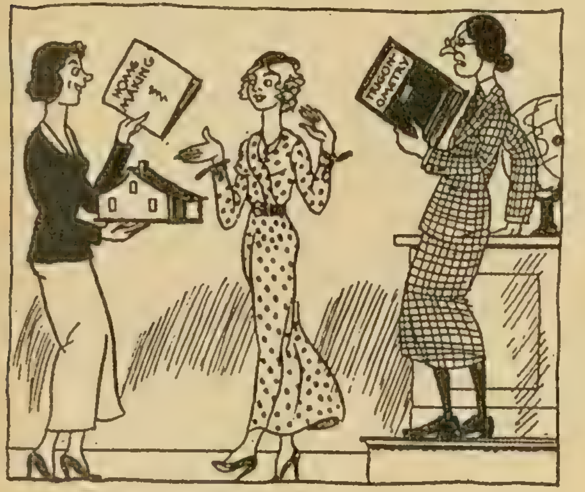
Liberty offers $100 to $500 for Short Short Stories of not over 2,000 words. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelope.

VOX POP

Recipe for Filling the Home-Maker's Head

BACONTON, GA.—I want to tell you how much I appreciated your editorial, "Emasculated Women—Girls' Boarding Schools."

I have three daughters who are now in college, and I understand fully what you have said.



Can't you use the influence of your magazine to found a college that will give our girls the things they will actually need in life? For example: home budgeting; fabrics and the care of them; styles of furniture, where made, etc.; babies—their care; nursing; diseases and how to recognize them (I lost a two-year-old baby because I did not know symptoms of appendicitis); rugs—kinds and where made; social etiquette.

When I received my A. B. degree I knew nothing of any of the above subjects. I received a grade of 100 in my trigonometry final and good marks at all times. But that didn't help me to prevent my baby's death.

If you should consider urging the founding of such a college, do let us have one in the South. Our girls are so lacking in these requirements.

I think your editorials are good always, and are having a good influence on the public mind.—*Mrs. J. B. Miller.*

Prescribing for That Pain in Our Pocketbooks

WICHITA, KAN.—I read with interest your editorial, "Remove All Taxes from Capital and Labor." Do you not realize that all of the wildness and all of the dreaminess of such a scheme might be forgotten if, instead of the prescription of a single real-estate tax, an equitably graduated sales tax were substituted?

Business life in these days has become so complicated through the many indirect levies imposed upon business that it is high time we should consider some simple panacea such as a sales tax.—*D. W. Eaton.*

EAST PROVIDENCE, R. I.—As one who has been interested in the study of economics for several years I wish to commend the editorial, "Remove All Taxes from Capital and Labor," by Bernarr Macfadden.

It was interesting, timely, and convincing. If that policy could be brought about in the near future, the present depression in business would soon end and the future recurrence of hard times would be rendered unlikely.

The manufacturers' sales-tax plan which is being advocated by some pseudo-economists would tend to delay recovery from the depression by curtailing the purchasing power of the people. —*John T. Giddings.*

CADIZ, OHIO—If we followed the advice given in Liberty's editorial, "Remove All Taxes from Capital and Labor," we would only further complicate an already complicated situation.

My suggestion is to abolish all present taxing laws, make it impossible for any to evade taxation by having no exemptions, but assess, say, one per cent on every turnover of one dollar in business.

Under this plan not a dollar could be spent or invested, whether by the millionaire or laboring man, without it contributing to the maintenance of our government, and the burden would be justly distributed.—*W. F. Gammeter.*

DETROIT, MICH.—What greater service can any magazine do its readers than impart to them the information they need to put an end to the depression and prevent its recurrence?

This is precisely what Liberty has done in its editorials explaining the single-tax doctrine.

Of course one may lead a horse—or an ass—to water, but one cannot make him drink. You have led or shown the way to your two and a half million readers. If they refuse to profit thereby it is their hard luck.

You have the satisfaction of knowing that you are doing what you can to induce them to take a wiser course.—*Samuel Danziger.*

After Many Years—a Verdict

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Been reading Liberty since long before Lil and Sandy were married. And, after reading 'most everything you have published have just finished reading the best of 'em all. Genuine sense and nonsense, under the title of "The Potters Settle the Election," by J. P. McEvoy.

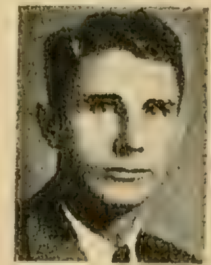
Hop to it, J. P.! Your style is refreshing.—*A. P. Jackson.*

He Thinks It's Good Because You Always Buy It

LOUISVILLE, KY.—I have been buying Liberty for some time from a blind man. He doesn't know how lucky he is that he can't see it!—*J. X. Kessack.*

Mr. Biggs' Big Thought

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Yesterday as I was returning from a walk a small boy rode past me on a bicycle. There was a bag of magazines in the basket on his bike. The boy saw me, slowed down, and then stopped. Waiting until I caught up with him, he addressed me: "Buy a Liberty, mister?"


Harry U. Biggs

I handed him a nickel and took the proffered magazine, not paying much attention to it, and tucked it under my arm. The boy hesitated, started to ride away, then stopped and turned back to me and nodded toward the book. "It's an old one, mister." And then, to reassure me, he added, "But that's all right." He departed.

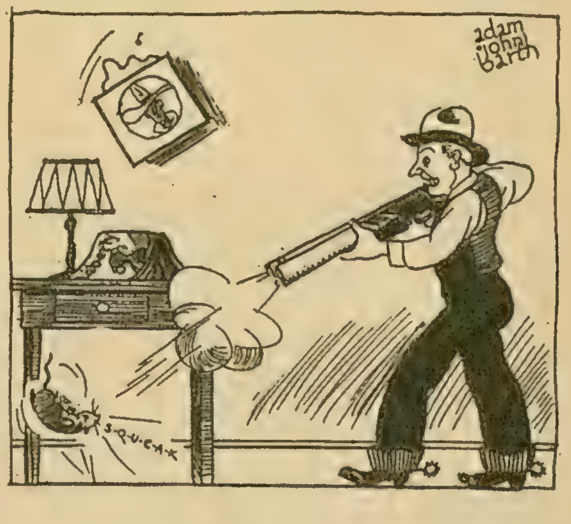
Now, after reading the old magazine and also your latest issue, I understand the kid's remark. The mag is, at present, so terrible that no matter how old an issue is it can't be any ranker than the current issue.—*Harry U. Biggs.*

Depends on Whether You Eat It Up Or Drink It In

NEW YORK, N. Y.—More and more I realize that "Diana's Diary" is like good cheese—or perhaps I should say good wine, for it certainly improves with age. Bert Green's contributions are word portraits of honest-to-gosh people.—*Frank Bogert.*

Read the Conclusion, in This Issue, Then Give the Mice a Break

BUTTE, MONT. — Boy! Anthony Abbot's serial, "About the Murder of the Circus Queen," has got me going. I can't sleep at night because I'm so jumpy, waiting for the next installment. Honest to gosh, if a mouse goes and gets reckless and squeaks while I'm reading that story, I won't answer for its life. I'm liable to grab my old shotgun and fire in its general direction. That's what Abbot has done to me!—*Montana Pete.*



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Liberty Will Make 51 Cash Awards To This Week's Winners!

(Left)
Rainy hours are the cue for fun indoors

(Right)
Modern appliances ease ancient tasks

(Below)
Two generations and one cellar door

SECOND week of the Home Life Snapshot Prize series! If you failed to send in an entry last week get busy now. Get into line for some of this week's $400 in cash. Fifty-one opportunities to win a cash prize this week. A chance that your entry will win one of the five $200 cash grand awards at the close of the series. Know of any easier way to win spare cash?

A snap of the shutter may register $100 for you right now. And another $200 in January! Dust off your camera. Or borrow one if yours is misplaced. Anything that will take a picture will do. Little or big. Costly or inexpensive. Result counts. Not the way you get it. Select your home-life scene and shoot for the big money.

The snapshots on this page are reproduced at random from the 1931 winners. They indicate the general type of simple, human-interest snapshots we are seeking. They may suggest a snapshot subject under your own roof. Something to do with the daily duties, pleasures, recreations of your household. Artistic composition and professional qualities aren't important. The spirit captured by your lens is what will win the money. The rules give complete information. Your entry will be welcomed.

This week's contest closes Monday, November 28.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE EACH WEEK

FIRST PRIZE	$100
TEN SECOND PRIZES, each $10	100
FORTY THIRD PRIZES, each $5	200
WEEKLY TOTAL	$400
TOTAL PRIZES FOR TEN WEEKS	$4,000
GRAND PRIZES	
FIVE PRIZES, each $200	$1,000
TOTAL CASH PRIZES TO BE PAID	$5,000

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

Ten Weekly Contests

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home-life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 9, 1932, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closes Monday, November 21, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday including January 23, 1933, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, the best baby snapshot. Group B, the best pet snapshot. Group C, the best indoor snapshot. Group D, the best outdoor snapshot. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer

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A Few Notes on FACIAL FOLIAGE

By DR. SEUSS

"This Image is no longer available"

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THE MUSTACHE AS A LIVELIHOOD

"I BELIEVE," claims Bonnet Schneeloch, "that I am the only man ever to possess a professional mustache. I spent four years in a cave grooming a money-making mustache. Today I rent it out at kiddies' parties. The old game of *Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey* is tame stuff compared to *Stick-the-Cigar-in-Schneeloch's-Mouth.*"

"This Image is no longer available"

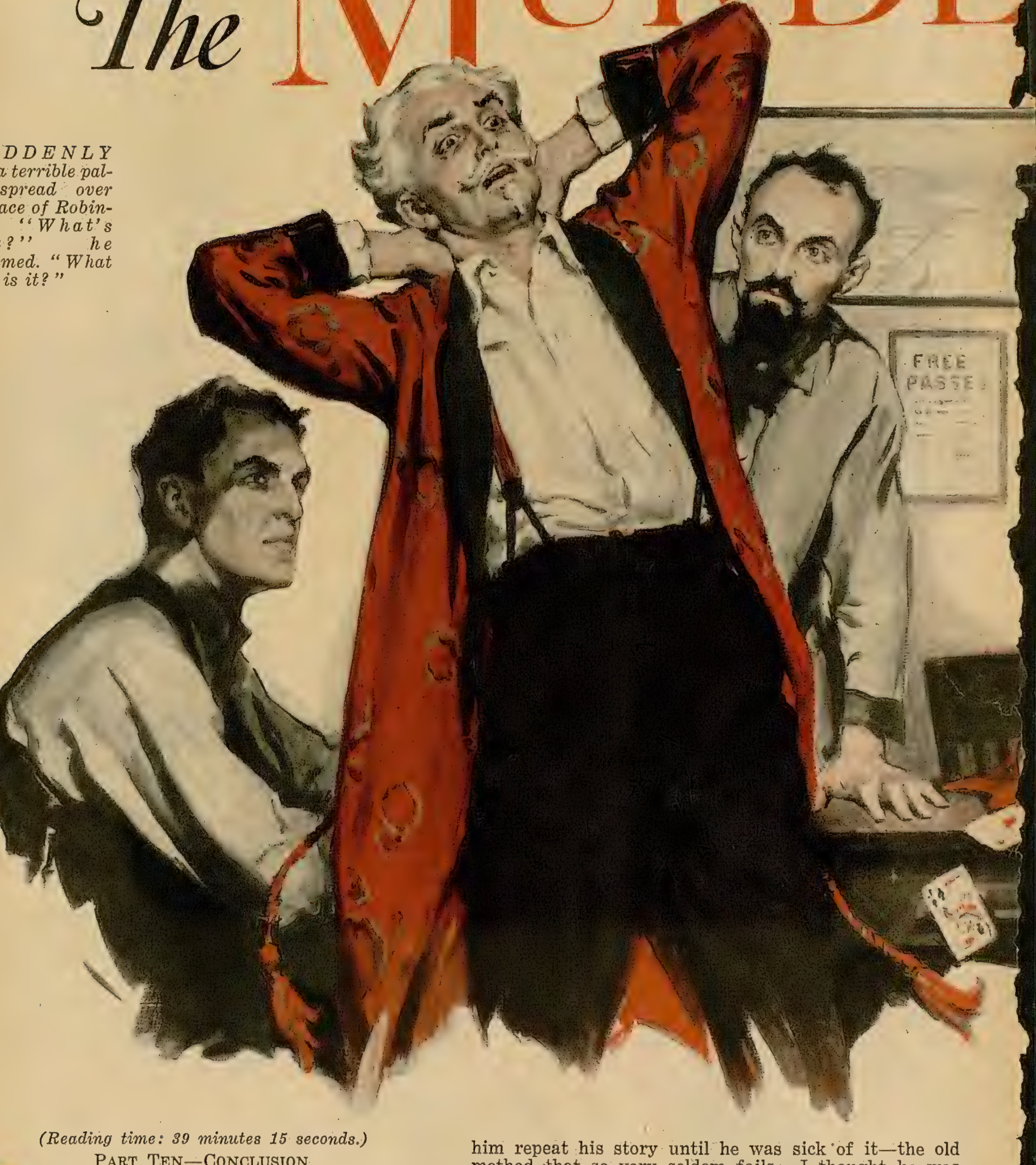
THE BEARD AS A PROTEST

"I REALLY hate a beard like poison," declares J. Sleeve, "but I hate the Shoe-String Trust like two poisons. I just can't see ten cents for a pair of laces. Howling against this injustice got me nowhere, so I now fight it with Passive Resistance. The Trust is pretty darn' worried—my beard-tied boots having won me fame as the Shoe-String Gandhi."

THE EYELASH AS A THING TO BAT

"AS a man of exactness," writes F. Waugh, "I have always been suspicious of that old gag, *Quicker than you can bat an eyelash.* I recently gave every player on the Cubs three swats at my own—and not one could even hit the things, let alone quickly! If the Yankees fail also, I think this expression ought to be junked."

ABOUT The MURDE



SUDDENLY a terrible pallor spread over the face of Robinson. "What's that?" he screamed. "What is it?"

(Reading time: 39 minutes 15 seconds.)

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

"STEP inside, Dougherty," was Colt's only comment. A hasty command from Colonel Robinson sent the others scurrying from the office: Crumps, Sebastian, and the two circus physicians dropped their cards and left us alone—the circus owner, the District Attorney, the Police Commissioner, and me.

"What has happened?" demanded Thatcher Colt.

"It's all over," Dougherty maintained. "We took Flandrin downtown and gave him the works! It wasn't easy. I took him over the same ground for hours, making him repeat his story until he was sick of it—the old method that so very seldom fails. I thought he was weakening after two hours of it. And then they put through a call to me—your message about Flandrin's first wife. I got Flora downtown and played one against the other."

"And then?" prodded Colt.

"They both admit it now," caroled Dougherty.

"You mean—they both were hysterical!"

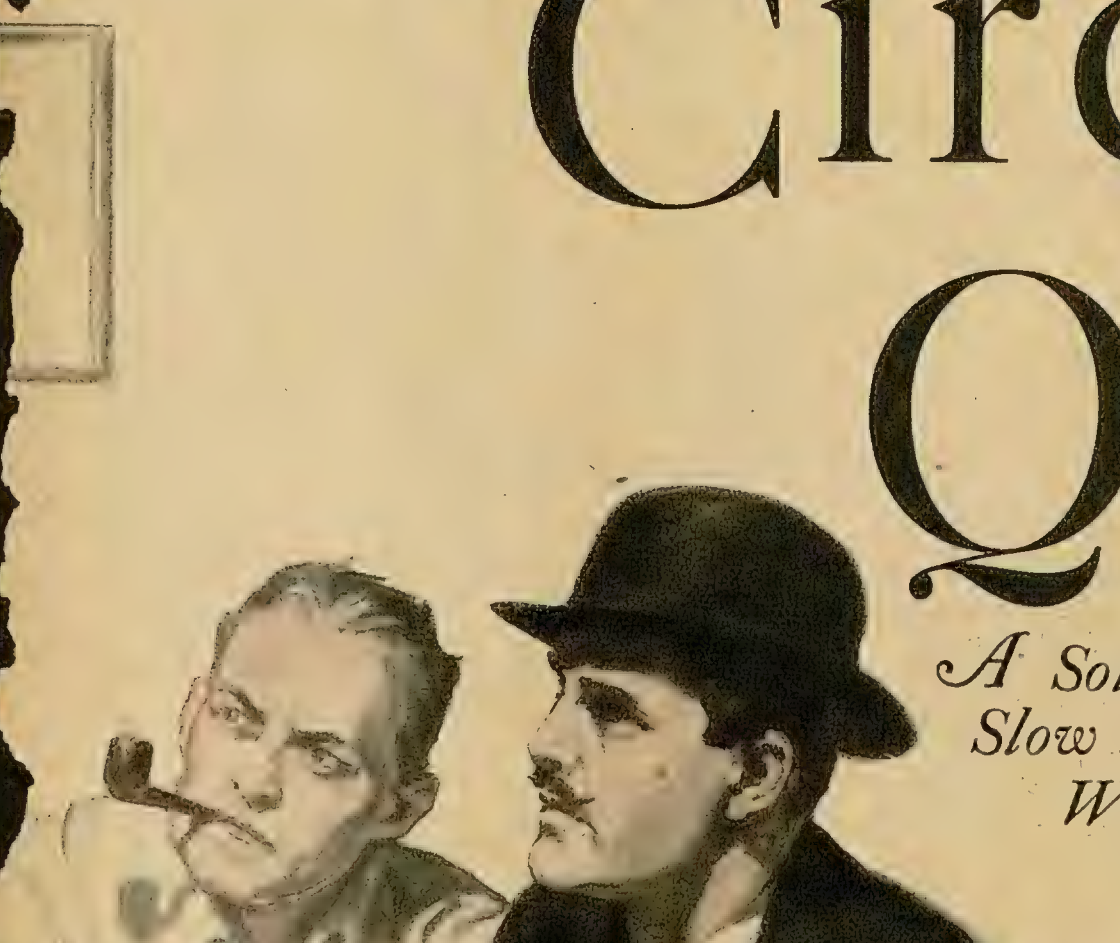
"I mean I have two signed confessions," insisted the District Attorney with an irritated flash, "and I deserve your congratulations."

R *of the* Circus Queen

By ANTHONY ABBOT

Pictures by W. D. STEVENS

A Solution that Solved Nothing—
Slow Progress toward the Goal—
What the Strange Paste
Really Was—Colt
Unmasks the Killer



"Flandrin never did it!" groaned Colonel Robinson.

"Confessions to both murders?" pursued Colt.

"Well, they were a little vague," admitted Dougherty. "In fact, they were in no condition to talk any longer. Flora admits they killed Josie, but Flandrin will only admit that he killed the darky. I got the confessions and then let them take a rest. Before noon, though, we'll have the complete story. They're both guilty of both murders, of course."

I saw that Colt's eyes had inexplicably brightened.

"Forgive my Zoilean commentary, Dougherty," murmured the Commissioner softly, "but there is so much that needs explaining. Where did Flora say that Flandrin got the tear-gas gun?"

"She has promised to explain all that later!"

"And the torn photograph of Flora in La Tour's papers?"

"Just a whim of La Tour's to keep the picture of her enemy."

"BUT what original facts did either give you?"

"Plenty! I tell you, I have a confession from Flandrin."

"And his motive?"

"Well, that's a curious thing, too. He refused to state the motive for killing Keblia until he has talked with his lawyer!"

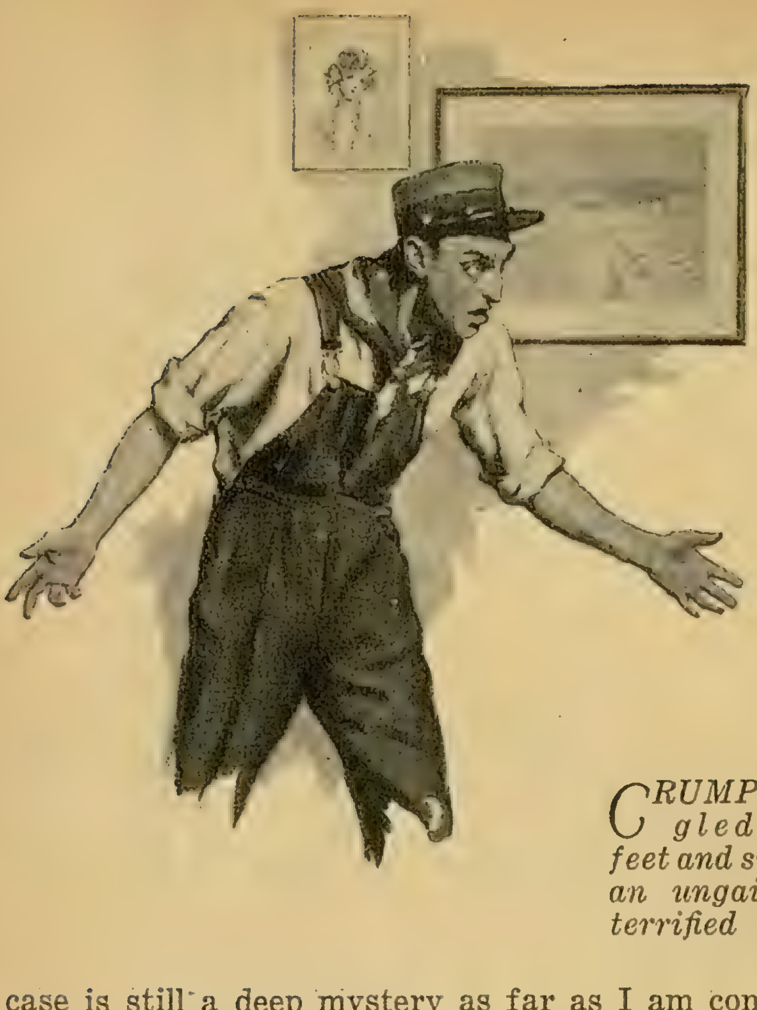
"Flandrin was tired of your third degree, Dougherty. He made a confession to get rid of his tormentors. In a few hours he will utterly repudiate it. So will Flora. They are both hysterical. That happens in police work every day—and still, Dougherty, you take such statements seriously. You have been a most energetic official this evening."

"And that's all?"

"And that's too much!" snapped Colt.

"And you think Flandrin and his former wife are entirely blameless?"

"I don't know. They may be guilty, as you say. Our problem is to prove it, regardless of those confessions, which are not worth the paper they are written on. If you look at the facts sensibly for two minutes you will know it too. Listen, Dougherty." And here Colt laid a hand on his friend's arm and his voice sank to a persuasive minor. "We have a certain set of facts to reconcile. You don't know all of those facts. Th



CRUMPS struggled to his feet and swayed in an ungainly and terrified attitude.

case is still a deep mystery as far as I am concerned."

But Dougherty was angry. He felt that Colt had derided what he considered a stroke of accomplishment. He shook himself free and with hands on his hips retorted:

"At least my office has done something. What have you to show?"

"Very little!" agreed Thatcher Colt. "Well, good night, Dougherty. You may be right. But at present I prefer, in all good humor, to reserve my congratulations."

They shook hands and parted. Colt thanked Professor Gminder and sent him home. He disposed guards to watch the Ubangis, and promised Colonel Robinson to communicate with him later. Then the Commissioner and I returned to the automobile. Colt told Neil to drive us to West Seventieth Street, where the Commissioner lives in a house that has long been known as Little Headquarters.

Arrived at our destination, Arthur, the dusky Jamaican, long Colt's faithful attendant, opened the door for us as we entered the house. The moment he was within his own four walls Colt seemed to breathe more freely.

"Your bath is ready, sir," announced Arthur, and we hastened to Colt's bedroom.

I HAVE never seen the Commissioner quite so unhappy. His eyes were tragic. In the tub he seemed to squirm as he struck at his body with a dripping sponge.

"I tell you, Tony," he said at last, turning his face toward me and grinning through rivulets that ran from his hair over his face, "it would have been almost impossible for Flandrin to have committed both those crimes. Or either one of them, for that matter."

"But doesn't the evidence seem rather convincing?" I argued. "I don't like to add to your worries—"

"The evidence is most unconvincing!" he retorted, with a chuckle of returning good spirits. "As the apologist of this administration, Tony, you should know better than to ask such a thing. My hope, though, is that which we shall hear from Inspector Flynn—and Luckner."

And what could Flynn tell him? I wondered. I had followed his every move, and yet I could not remember any salient point Flynn had been assigned to establish. I sat there feeling depressed as each moment the chief seemed to grow more buoyant under the stimulant of his cold bath. Presently the telephone rang. I heard Arthur's mellow voice answering, and presently he entered the bathroom, telephone in hand, and plugged it into a baseboard socket. From the tub Colt reached for the phone and greeted Flynn.

Briefly he listened, and then I heard him chuckle: he was hearing pleasing news. When at last he had given some cryptic instructions, hung up the receiver, and set the phone on the tiled floor, he was laughing like a boy.

"Now, Tony," he exulted, "at least we know something. I can't tell you all yet, but this I know—the murderer fired at Josie La Tour with the gun that belongs to Marburg Lovell. The ballistics boys have proved that to their satisfaction, and no matter what Dougherty says that's good enough for me. And further, traces of tear gas were found on the membrane of the eyes of the boss mechanic. And that—as you must see—eliminates Flandrin from at least one of the murders!"

"But how?" I pleaded.

Colt turned on more water and splashed about.

"HOW?" he echoed reprovingly. "Tony, consider the facts. First, I checked up on the people who were in the Garden when the boss mechanic was killed. Flandrin had not yet got off the ship. That means Flandrin did not kill the boss mechanic. And yet all the evidence points to the conclusion that the murder of the boss mechanic was a rehearsal for La Tour's murder. Unless we believe Flandrin had an accomplice, this is a vital point in his favor. I know that some of our other suspects were present when the mechanic was murdered—there is a time discrepancy there that is of vital significance. But that is not all. Flandrin was followed by Crowder, our detective. True, Crowder lost him for a while. But the time that Flandrin had to himself, unobserved by our detective, was not enough to enable him to commit a burglary on the East Side and a murder on the West Side too.

"Follow the time sequence and see how unreasonable such a theory must be. Could Flandrin have burglarized Lovell's house, put the gun back in place, and then got back to the house on West Seventy-ninth Street, fight the witch doctor, kill him, and get away? All of it is perhaps theoretically conceivable—but it would be superhuman!"

"Then we are still in the dark?" I sighed.

He again turned on the cold water.

"Not entirely, Tony. We are not going as fast as I would like to go, but still plodding on, and by God, Tony, that is the real method of the department, and don't forget it. Flynn reported on a number of leads. He got Washington busy looking up the passport of La Tour's maid Isabel Chant. Everything in order there."

"That's what you thought from the first!"

"Well, we have to investigate everything. Flynn even traced Murillo, the wire dancer who quit—he gets a clean bill of health. The resin bags with which La Tour rubbed her hands just before going up the rope showed nothing wrong, either. Just plain everyday resin. That clue died, anyhow, as soon as we knew how she was really killed. I told you that the tear gas was found in the autopsy on the boss mechanic. Another thing—I was struck by the fact that Flandrin told us how Raphaelo died. He said La Tour's first husband fell off a high perch from vertigo. I had the records looked up on that. Flynn telegraphed and got the Medical Examiner's verdict. The husband of La Tour died of apoplexy, which was proved by a post-mortem. So there was no connection there."

"I actually suspected that Flandrin killed him too," I admitted. "But you did not?"

"I traced the story back, didn't I?" laughed Colt. "Then Flynn also gave me the report on John Smith, La Tour's chauffeur. He was pretty much on the level, and he certainly told the truth about Flandreau. But it was not Flandreau he saw leave the Garden with the bundle. There is no doubt that Flandreau had a romantic desire for La Tour. I suppose that is treachery, and yet Flandrin must have known about it, and still went on trusting his life to his rival at every performance.

"I have known of many such cases in the circus. It sounds weird, but it is so. Anyway, I traced back on the chauffeur's charge that Flandreau and Eddie Stevens, the mechanic, had been putting their heads together. The detectives who were questioning Eddie at the station house got to the bottom of that. Eddie confessed that he had been acting as a spy for Flandreau. He had been trying to prove that La Tour was unfaithful to her husband. Pleasant little comedy all around! Yet the facts are there. Eddie admits that he spied on La Tour, but denies any complicity in the crime. I am inclined to believe he is telling the truth.

"But one other report of Flynn seemed quite significant. He went after the owner of the clown dog again. And that helps our case. The dog owner admitted that among those who knew the dog well enough to entice him back to the ring were those we suspected."

"Who on earth were they?" I asked eagerly.

"Keblia was one. Flandrin, Flandreau, Flandra, Sebastian, Robinson, Dr. Charavay, and Crumps were some of the others."

"Still, it seems to me you are making progress, chief."

"But not fast enough. There is the matter of the handwriting. Flynn got samples of everybody's handwriting and had them checked against the death notice. But the experts said they didn't have a chance. The printing was too deliberate. We are dealing with a schemer of deadly thoughtfulness, Tony—but I am inclined to think not deadly enough. Of course Flynn is trying to trace the paper—and the pencil—but we don't hope for much from that. That pencil bothered me for a little while."

"The one you found in Flandrin's room?"

"Yes. It looked like evidence against Flandrin. But Flandrin denies having ever used such a pencil. And Keblia had a boxful in his quarters, according to Flynn."

"Then who—"

"Can't tell yet!" cried Thatcher Colt. "But be sure it was put there by the murderer for a purpose."

HE leaped from the tub, a dripping and splendid figure.

"There remains the evidence of the plaster molds," he panted. "I shall make good use of those molds by stacking them against the Bertillon measurements of our leading suspects. But I also have a new use for them, as you shall see presently."

As Colt shaved and dressed, and I bathed, my errant thoughts roved below stairs, whence arose a pleasing aroma of eggs and coffee. Breakfast was coming and I thanked God in His heaven for that.

At the table Colt looked as fresh as if he had enjoyed a night's sound sleep. "We must not forget the gun," he reminded me as he buttered a roll. "I have been thinking that if some funnel-like affair was used to hide the flash of fire—who had such a funnel? '

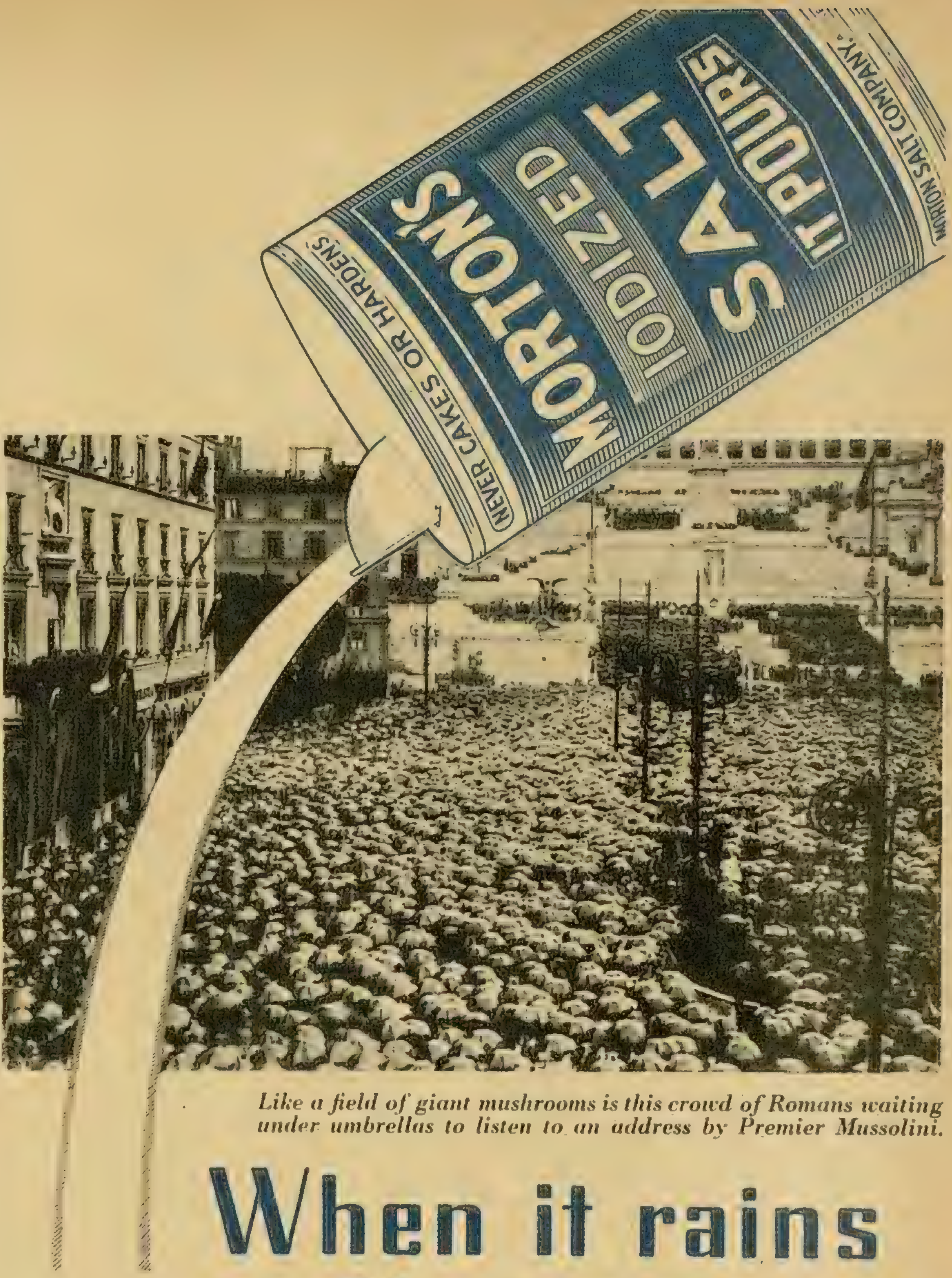
"The musicians!"

"But they were at the other end of the arena. And there should have been some scratches on the gun if that were the method used."

Here Arthur entered the room, once more with a portable telephone in his hands.

"One Professor Luckner is on the telephone," he announced in the idiom of Jamaican servants.

Colt nodded to me to hasten to the



Like a field of giant mushrooms is this crowd of Romans waiting under umbrellas to listen to an address by Premier Mussolini.

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hallway. Listening in on the extension, I took down complete notes of the conversation:

"Good morning, *Herr* Professor!"

"*Ach! Guten Morgen, Herr* Commissioner! *Wie befinden Sie sich?*"

"*Sehr gut! Und Sie auch?*"

"*Ja wohl!* But you sound impatient, *Herr* Commissioner—what is it that makes you so impatient?"

"Have pity on a poor cop, professor!" pleaded Colt. "Have you broken down that paste?"

"Such a question you have the impudence to ask me before I have had my breakfast! And after your own experts could not find out what the greasy stuff was! You did not wish to insult me, *hein?*"

"Now, professor—"

"Now, Mr. Commissioner—if you are suffering so dreadfully as all that, then I suppose I must accelerate the end of your torment. First, from the sweepings of the circus-ring floor I got nothing of any value to you. Second, I analyzed the very slight traces of green grease which you turned over to me. It has been an all-night job. But the ingredients finally turned out to be very simple indeed—no more than oil, spermaceti, and wax."

"And what does that combination represent?"

"Ah, *Herr* Commissioner, your curiosity is like mine—it knows no bounds. I have been at the most elaborate plans to discover that secret. And like most good secrets it turned out to be very simple. It is theatrical grease paint!"

"Grease paint!" ejaculated the Commissioner.

"Only that and nothing more," caroled Luckner. "Now do you recognize the superiority of the laboratory method over the stupidity of the organized police? Never mind! I am too *müde* to debate the subject—I am going to bed and stay there for days. Good morning, *Herr* Commissioner—I will send you my bill!"

Green grease paint!

"I remember," murmured Colt as he handed back the telephone and rose excitedly from the table, "that Colonel Robinson told us something that may be decisive here! No two clowns wear the same make-up! The man who killed Keblia in order to silence him raced up there to Flandrin's apartment in pursuit of the witch doctor. He was in a hurry and had had no time to get all the make-up off; probably swabbed at his face with a towel and that was all. Traces of his make-up still remained on his face. In the fight the fingers of the witch doctor clawed at the murderer's face and some of the grease paint came off on his fingers."

A cold sensation was fluttering down the middle of my back. "And you and I both remember that Flandrin's make-up was green!" I said softly.

"But I have proved to you that Flandrin could not have committed both crimes!" he returned. "And now I tell you that blue and yellow also make green and that we've got business back in Madison Square Garden—quick!"

WHEN we reached the Garden, Thatcher Colt was met by a man from Headquarters who gave him a large bundle. This bundle Colt passed to me and then entered the building. Without seeking Colonel Robinson, he strode directly back to the dressing-room quarters. A guard tried to hold the Police Commissioner, but we hastened past him to a dressing room.

"Wait here, Tony," Colt requested, "and call out at once if anyone approaches."

As he entered the dressing-room door I suddenly remembered with a shock that this was the room where we had first met Sebastian. Presently Colt came out again, and now he carried another bulky object wrapped in a red cloak.

"The trouble with this case," he informed me, "has been not to pick the criminal so much as to prove the case. But I think now I have the essential clue. There is one thing still puzzling me. Where did the murderer stand when that shot was fired? Let's go to the ring."

A moment later we stood in the dimly lit amphitheater. No lights were burning and only a little of the early-morning daylight had penetrated the vast reaches of the place. Straight to the center ring walked Thatcher Colt, and looked around. His face was inscrutable, but there was a gleam of hope in his eyes.

"I need Robinson's help," he said. "Will you ask him to come here?"

I found Colonel Robinson still sitting in the poker game and beckoned him aside. His face lighted up when I told him that Colt believed he was on the brink of cracking the case. When we reached the ring again, I was astounded to find Colt sitting on a clown's barrel holding his left ankle. He looked at me with a wry smile. "Silly thing," he said. "I stumbled over a ring curbing and gave my ankle a severe sprain. There is an all-night drug store around here. Will you get me a bandage, Tony?"

Deeply concerned, I hurried off while Colt was explaining to Colonel Robinson that he wanted him to point out every possible point of concealment from which the gun might have been fired. Fully twenty minutes passed before I returned, to find Colt limping around the hippodrome, supporting his weight on Colonel Robinson's shoulder. Gratefully he allowed the showman and me to bandage his bruised and swollen ankle.

"And now," said Colt, with a melancholy chuckle, "I think we have done all the harm we can do here. Colonel Robinson, there is one place you have not shown me."

"WHAT is that?" asked the Colonel.

"Your new flood-light box. Isn't that it over there, at the right of Box Eighty?"

"The flood-light box?" repeated Robinson, deeply puzzled.

"Yes; the one around which you found Keblia prowling at three o'clock yesterday morning."

"Oh, yes; that box is right over there. It hasn't been used yet."

"Will you take me inside?"

Colonel Robinson and I helped the Police Commissioner inside a steel box equipped with heavy flood-light projectors, set against the base of the tier of boxes on the hippodrome track. It was an inclosure very much like a motion-picture projection room, fireproof, with tiny windows through which the searchlights sprayed their radiance.

With one arm flung around my shoulder, Colt stood inside this metal inclosure and smiled triumphantly.

"We are on the spot," he said, "where Josie La Tour was murdered. Her killer stood here, firing through this window. This metal inclosure hid the flash of fire and deadened the sound of the explosion!"

Colonel Robinson was aghast.

"Can you tell who did it?" he asked incredulously.

"I can. Come back to your office, where I can sit down, and I'll tell you everything."

The poker game was still going on. Robinson's office smoked like a stale volcano.

As we entered, the four men at the table looked up at us with haggard politeness, without speaking.

"Well, chief," blurted Colonel Robinson, after waiting in vain for Colt to speak. "Let's have it!"

"I think we are really able to lay our hands on the murderer," Colt replied, sitting on a camp stool.

"So what next?" sighed Sebastian.

"First, just to listen. I am sorry to interrupt this game. But you may go on playing as soon as I get some doubts settled in my own mind."

"Doubts, chief? You mean—"

"Not what you mean, Colonel, I feel certain," Colt assured Robinson as he sat down on a camp stool. "I merely want you to follow a brief reconstruction of what happened. In doing that, I shall name one person as X. When I am finished, I am going to leave it to your common sense to tell me who, in your opinion, this X is likely to be."

"Excellent!" agreed Robinson.

"We will agree, then," continued Thatcher Colt, "that X is a symbol for the murderer. Now we will come to a real personality. I mean our friend here, Mr. Crumps—the boss animal man of this circus."

Crumps struggled to his feet and swayed in an ungainly and terrified attitude.

"You mean I have something to do with this? Like hell I have! I don't know anything about it whatever."

"But you do!" charged Colt, waving him back to his chair. "You know all about tear-gas guns. It was you who advised Marburg Lovell to buy one. And I am assuming that X is a friend of yours. So I begin with the belief that, innocently or not, you gave X, the murderer, his first knowledge of a tear-gas gun and how it operates.

"This mysterious person called X knew that Marburg Lovell had purchased a tear-gas gun on the recommendation of Crumps. It is likely that X had also visited the Lovell home in company with Crumps. Thus he knew where the gun was kept; and he knew the floor plan of the house. He could burglarize it, if necessary.

"In a little while a man from Headquarters will come to this room. With him he is bringing a plaster cast of a footprint on a ledge outside a window of Marburg Lovell's house, and others from the kitchen window sill of the Flandrin apartment. From these footprints we shall be able to help fix the identity of X. But, meanwhile, his footprint shows us that Marburg Lovell told the truth—that his house was feloniously entered, the gun taken, murder committed with it, the house again burglarized and the weapon returned.

"Why? The answer to that one question, gentlemen, will answer several other curious riddles in the case. The fact is that our unidentified Mr. X is vain. He has the foolish vanity of the artist. He wished to commit the perfect crime. He even had to write letters and terrify his victims. And he heartlessly held a rehearsal of his crime, killing the boss mechanic to make sure his plan would work. He had thought it out, as he foolishly imagined, to the last detail. It was common gossip on the lot that Marburg Lovell, backer of this show, sought to make a conquest of the unconquerable Josie La Tour. Here was a possible motive; here was the chance to cast suspicion on an utterly innocent man. Hence the two burglaries, and hence, too, the original and brilliant idea of using the tear-gas gun.

"NOW our list of suspects begins to narrow down. Who had free authority to come and go in the circus, as a part of it—a kind of free agent in it? For that freedom, as we know, was imperatively necessary.

"Here, as you see, we are coming nearer to the realm of concrete suspicion. But we may go a step further. Who knew the circus routine so well that he could count even on the musicians? Who, in planning such a crime, knew that the drums would roll for a certain period while Josie La Tour was in the air?

"You will begin to appreciate with me that this crime was a deadly piece of planning. Apparently nothing was left to chance. Nowhere did we find a fingerprint of this impeccable Mr. X. On all his nefarious errands he wore protective gloves.

"But there are certain other traces—more like psychic fingerprints—which no gloves could conceal. For instance, the fantastic business of the barking dog. That could not, in my judgment, have been a coincidence. It happened just at the proper moment. Again, why? And again I answer you that the reason lies in the culprit's vanity. Desiring as he did desire so deeply to commit the perfect crime—every shred of evidence we have points to the passion, if to nothing else—he arranged to create that distraction. Once the dog started to bark, that was his cue to shoot.

"Mr. X knew that several times last season the dog had escaped into the arena and stood barking until removed. So last night he abstracted the dog and took him to the arena deliberately. He waited, then, until the dog started to bark—and the barking served two purposes. With the drums, it helped to drown the sound of the shot. But that was minor, incidental. Its real purpose was to draw all eyes to that part of the arena. They did not notice at once, then, that Josie was struggling on the rings; did not see the faint but momentarily visible cloud of tear gas in the air—and, further, it drew away the eyes of Eddie Stevens and Isabel. Both were too late to break the fall of their doomed mistress!"

"OH, my God!" groaned Crumps through his fingers. "If only he hadn't fallen for that dog!"

"Now, however," continued Thatcher Colt with increasing enthusiasm, "you will begin to realize that we are coming nearer and nearer to Mr. X. By this process of reasoning we are, so to speak, inclosing him in a narrow circle of deduction. We know, that is, that he had access to the back yard and to the arena. We know, then, that he must be one of the circus. We know that he brought the barking dog into the arena. Was he about to make his appearance as a performer? That would considerably narrow the circumference of the search.

"The gun which he fired had a range of about one hundred and fifty yards. That meant he had to lug around with him a large and cumbersome weapon. That also means that he had to shoot at La Tour from a considerable distance. He had to be a marksman.

"So the circle grows even smaller. For there are still other questions we may ask ourselves. No man in the audience could have aimed and fired at Josie La Tour without being detected by his neighbors and probably lynched. He could not have stood in any of the performers' entrances nor in any of the others; we had policemen stationed in all of them. We know where he stood—in an electric flood-light box; a new type of lighting operated from the hippodrome tracks.

"With such knowledge, let us attempt a further reconstruction. I confess that when I started to study this case I was working on a false

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theory. I had believed that this gun could be carried into the arena by a performer, possibly in some funnel-like apparatus that would fit over the gun and hide the flash. Who had such a funnel-like apparatus? I remembered Sebastian's trumpet. I have the trumpet here, wrapped in Sebastian's cloak of Mephistopheles. But the mouth is too small. It would have to have been especially cut for such a purpose."

"You suspected me?" roared Sebastian. "What for?"

"You had a perfect motive," returned Colt amiably, "and some day you may like to hear about it. But Mr. X had a more potent motive. In his case it was strictly business. Avarice goaded by a kind of madness too. That madness is indicated in much that the man does. He has a mania for perfection. It comes out in the management of his affairs and in his desire to commit the perfect crime: a kind of mental disease with him."

Colonel Robinson glared. He seemed to find something personal in Colt's remarks.

"Why don't you come to the point?" grumbled the show owner. "Why don't you say who this man is?"

"I mean you," said Thatcher Colt.

"I?"

"You! Colonel Robinson, you are under arrest, charged with the murder of Josie La Tour, and Keblia, the Ubangi witch doctor, and other nefarious crimes!"

Colonel Robinson stood up, his fist balled, his tan face pale. "If this is a joke, Mr. Colt, I don't get the point."

Colt eyed him closely. "Sit down, Colonel," he said, "and I'll tell you all that you know already."

"I am listening," grated Robinson, "but I prefer to stand."

"You forget," returned Thatcher Colt, "that you are a prisoner and must do as I say. Sit down!"

With a haggard glance of injured innocence, Colonel Robinson obeyed.

"It was quite apparent," said Colt, speaking directly to Robinson, "that all the misfortunes that had attended your circus had some direct bearing on this crime. It was easy to see that you were ambitious. You wanted to have the greatest circus in the world and you wanted to own it all. You had a legacy. If you could discourage Marburg Lovell to the point where he was willing to sell out his interest for a song, you could buy that interest with the legacy and achieve a life's ambition."

"And that's why he killed his best performer?" snarled Sebastian.

IGNORING the interruption, Colt went on:

"You began a campaign of sabotage involving lawsuits. You made everything go wrong, and each time Lovell had to pay, and pay heavily. Train wrecks, dying lions and elephants, mules with broken legs—all sorts of misfortunes—you inspired, and the plan worked. Only a few hours ago Marburg Lovell said he would sell his interest for practically nothing. You had worn him out. But you had not counted on the cunning of those simple-minded people that you exhibit to a morbid public. You knew that Keblia was on to you, and that Keblia confided his suspicions to La Tour. La Tour was alone, and it is no secret—for you yourself admitted it—that you had tried to press your attentions upon her. I assumed that when her husband was away you tried again, and that then she told you what she knew about you. Being a high-tempered person herself, she decided to expose you.

"You may ask how I know that you pressed your attentions on her in the absence of her husband. The evidence is in her diary. She made a record of it and I read that record. In her resentment of that, she threatened you with exposure—in an interview you had with her in her apartment three nights ago, an interview that was partly overheard by Isabel Chant and was also overheard by Keblia, who had stolen into the house through the kitchen window. I know some of the things that were said in that interview, and that you threatened her then. But Josie was not frightened by your threats. The next day she went to see Marburg Lovell. Unfortunately, Lovell was not at home, and last night when he tried to see her in her dressing room you prevented it. I should have known the truth then. Only because I took something for granted did I slip up. Josie told me at the door to watch out for you, and I thought she meant Lovell. I shall never cease to regret that I misunderstood what she was saying. If I had only realized then, I might have saved her life.

"From the time you left Josie La Tour's apartment, after that exciting interview, you made up your mind that she had to be killed, even though she was your star attraction. Thanks to a letter written by the first Mrs. Flandrin, I learned that Josie La Tour had visited Lovell. But more than that I learned, Colonel Robinson. I learned that you too had visited Marburg Lovell. You—who knew how to do everything on the show from training the elephants to repairing the electric-light system—knew how to rig the electric burglar system so that you could get in without sounding an alarm; you who were formerly an acrobatic clown knew how to scale those walls and get in. But one thing you overlooked—as does every criminal who plots the perfect crime.

"You overlooked your one habitual weakness, forgetting that it is distinctive. You chew tobacco, Colonel Robinson, and while you were in the garden behind Marburg Lovell's house you spat out a lump of that stuff. I found it like a dry cake of mud. It put you on the scene. It is Planters' Leaf Tobacco, sold in Georgia and not in the New York shops, or else I miss my guess. It won't be hard for our experts to prove that.

"YOU stole the tear-gas gun and the cartridges, and went back to Madison Square Garden and put the gun in the flood-light box. How do I know that? Because you told me so. You said that you had found Keblia prowling around that box at three o'clock in the morning. But I had to ask myself what were *you* doing around the flood-light box yourself at three o'clock in the morning.

"You may wonder how I discovered that it was from the flood-light box that you fired the shot. Again, Colonel Robinson, you told me. I must confess that you did it unconsciously, because of a subterfuge. I sprained my ankle on purpose. Then I asked you—I was already satisfied of your guilt—to let me lean on you as I limped around the ring. Surely in your experience with show business you have learned the trick that is called 'mind reading' and that is really muscle reading—a trick in which the mind reader touches the person who has hidden something and, by the instinctive muscular reactions of the other, is able to find the hidden object. I read your muscles, Colonel Robinson. You tried to keep me away from one side of the ring all the time. You didn't know it, but your muscles were giving you away every time they dragged in an opposite direction, and, by a process of elimination, you yourself led me to that flood-light box as time and time again we walked around that hippodrome track.

"It was from that flood-light box that you callously murdered the boss mechanic, where again you showed a singular cunning. You left word that you could be reached at my office around three thirty. Then, unobserved, you slipped into the flood-light box and fired a fatal shot. In the confusion you slipped out of the Garden and came down to see me, and while you were there word came of the latest tragedy. It had all the effects of exculpating you. You expected me to believe that the boss mechanic had fallen to his death while you were in my office. But you did not count on the exactitude of the police. The first thing I told you when I met you that night in the lobby was that the boss mechanic had fallen at exactly three fifteen. You reached my office at three thirty.

"The plan having worked, you were ready for the night. And time was now the essence. Fortunately for you, Flandrin had arrived late. You had arranged interviews with reporters for him, to keep him from his wife. If she had a chance to tell Flandrin what she knew, you would have to kill both of them, and even that might not save you. So, like a devil, you worked to keep them apart, convinced that Josie must die before she left the ring.

"Now, what happened at the time? You came to our box, and went away a number of times. You left after Flandrin's act—to be sure that all was well between him and La Tour, you said, but really to see that she had no chance to tell him her dangerous message. Not until Josie La Tour came into the ring did you return to our box. And on the way back you lifted the latch and let the dog into the ring. You sat there, watching her, knowing what would happen. The dog was sure to come to the ring and bark. As soon as you heard him, you left on the excuse that you must get the dog. But instead you went into the light box. You waited until the dog barked again—then you fired. The whole Garden was dark. No one had seen you. And now, in the confusion after Josie's fall, you made a quick appearance in our box and then naturally hurried away. All seemed to have gone well for you. But there was still more to be done.

"In the confusion you grabbed that gun. You got back to the dressing rooms, abstracted Flandreau's coat, and wearing that went out of the Garden and put the gun in your own car. You did not believe that the police would be clever enough to discover the method by which Josie La Tour had fallen to her death. But my hand on her dress and then against my own eyes gave me the clue—that and the broken spangle.

"Of all this you knew nothing at all, for you had new troubles of your own. I sent you for Keblia. You found that Keblia had drugged a policeman and escaped. You followed to his door and looked in. What you saw was Keblia with a gas cartridge in his hands. You knew that he was on to you. Josie La Tour could have told you that. Now you knew for yourself. So you followed Keblia. Nothing else mattered to you then.

"WHEN Keblia got a taxicab, you got into your car and followed him. When Keblia crawled into the kitchen of the La Tour apartment, you went after him. You had a terrific fight and you killed him. You cut his throat and you put his body in the trunk—to postpone that discovery and give you time to reshape your own plans. You will want to know how I can prove that. I can prove it with evidence. Once again you left behind you the sign of your presence on the scene. The prints of your knee and shank were on the window sill. I had molds made of them, and a tailor looked and saw that it was broadcloth. You were in evening clothes made of broadcloth. That was not evidence enough. But then, when I saw that you had changed your clothes, I sent a man to your dressing room. He stole your suit and we put the vacuum cleaner on the knees of your trousers. We got the dust and analyzed it and we compared that with the dust found on the window sill. The same old dust, Colonel! Trifling little specks of dust—but they marked you as the man we want.

"You were just a little too smart. You even rubbed some green make-up paint on the fingers of Keblia, to make it seem as if Flandrin had done it. But by this time, Colonel Robinson, you were losing your hold. You left that gas cartridge in the trunk and put another one in Flandrin's dressing robe, when it would have been so much better to have carried both off with you and thrown them away. That desire for perfection overreached itself.

"BUT you didn't know that when you came back to the Garden and reported to me that you could not find Keblia. You were a good actor. At that time I was quite deceived. It was not until I found that wad of tobacco that I realized that I'd been on the wrong track. I had suspected Sebastian; but, even so, I had left detectives on guard here in the Garden to tell me who came and went and when. You left the Garden and were gone for half an hour. It is not hard to surmise where you went. Your job was to return the gun to Marburg Lovell. Thus you thought you had put the finishing touches on a perfect crime.

"Sorry, Colonel. The game is up!"

Colonel Robinson stood up, his fists beating the air.

"Lies!" he cried huskily. "What jury would believe a fantastic story like that? It is monstrous! It is nothing but—"

Then suddenly a terrible pallor spread over the face of Robinson. He grabbed his hands to the back of his neck. "What's that?" he screamed. "What is it? The whole room is getting dark. I can't see any more!"

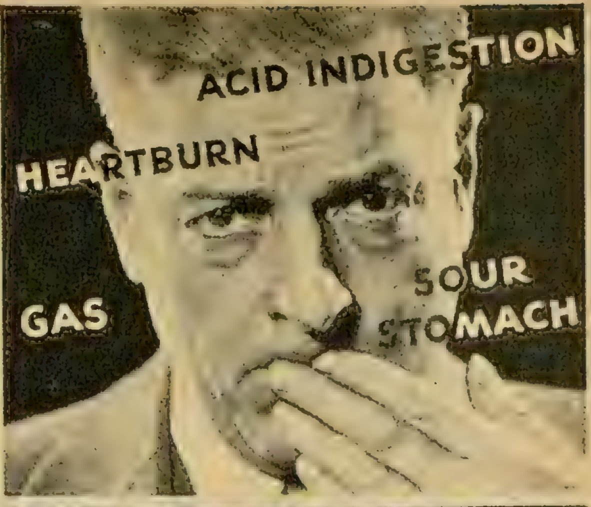
With one mighty spasm the giant body was contorted and then crashed to the floor. In that same instant Robinson died.

"Don't touch him!" shuddered Dr. Charavay. "I can tell by that look on his face what happened. He was struck by a poison dart—its effect is instantaneous."

With a shocked gasp, Colt turned to the door. The transom was open. But when we rushed outside, the corridor was absolutely empty, nor was there a trace of any human being in sight. When we sought the Ubangis, they were, all of them, stretched on the floor of their beloved boiler room, snoring loudly. The mystery of who dispatched that poison dart has never been solved; but Colt and I had not forgotten that the witch doctor had declared the tribe was its own jury and judge and executioner.

. . . . . .

Later that day Thatcher Colt and I were in the office of District Attorney Dougherty. Flandrin was there—a



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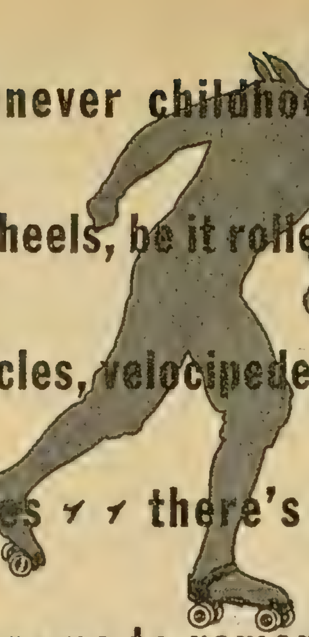

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broken man with eyes stricken and bewildered.

"I feel like I have been somewhere else and have just come back," he said. "I want you gentlemen to know that I haven't any hard feelings. Mr. Dougherty was pretty determined with me last night, and I will never forgive myself for confessing a crime I could not commit. But it seemed the only way that I could get back to myself and grieve for my poor little girl. I am taking her away, to have the funeral all to ourselves. I don't know what I'll do after that—but I know I'm through with circus life. I can never go up again."

Then Thatcher Colt laid a steadying hand on the shoulder of the young acrobat. "You've got to go up again!" he told him. "She wanted you to do that double twist, and you've got to do it—for Josie!"

II

A YEAR had passed. Again spring had come to Center Street—that restless season when small boys and the Police Commissioner of New York City are unsettled by the sight of gaudy posters proclaiming that the circus is coming again to Madison Square Garden.

In the old office at the north end of the second floor of Police Headquarters, Thatcher Colt and I were working our way through a stack of routine papers. Noiselessly the door opened and Captain Israel Henry appeared. He passed me a card embossed in curlicues and reading:

PICKNEY SNOWDEN
Owner and Manager
Snowden Brothers and Dawson and
Woodruff's Greatest Shows

"Well," said Thatcher Colt, "this is the late lamented Colonel Robinson's successor. Bring him in!"

Pickney Snowden had come to offer the Police Commissioner a box for the opening night of the circus. Colt accepted gladly for himself, Betty, and me, and for the entire family of the District Attorney.

"We'll come!" promised Colt. "But there's one thing I'd like to know. Is Flandrin all right?"

"Oh, sure—he's fine!"

"But I mean—will he ever manage the double twist?"

The new circus manager looked far away. "Not that I know of," he replied. "I don't think he'll ever do that, now that Josie's gone. You know, Mr. Colt, I'm not superstitious—"

"Far from it," agreed Colt.

"But whenever I see Flandrin go up on the high bar I always have the feeling that she's over there by the flags—you know, the performers' entrance—where they say she used to stand, wrapped in a cloak, and watch him. When he got through he always bowed to her. And sometimes I expect to see him do it now—but of course he never does."

They shook hands and agreed to meet after the show.

Early that April evening we made another rendezvous in the lobby of Madison Square Garden. Everything seemed the same. But this time we did not go behind the scenes but at once took our places in the box. We watched the show until at last we heard the announcement that the greatest of all the performers was next to appear—Flandrin, King of the Air. He came into the arena with Flandreau and Flandra; but it was upon that Adonis who had loved Josie La Tour the crowd fixed its gaze. There was a new air of assurance—an *élan*—in Flandrin's manner as he tossed off his cloak and bravely saluted the applause. Up the tall ladder he climbed with swift, small movements full of feline grace. Out upon his uneasy throne the new King of the Air swung lightly—his trapeze fifty feet above the ground.

While the music played its saddest Viennese waltz the three of them swung back and forth, rose and fell, leaped, clasped and disentangled themselves. Again and again Flandrin, plunging out from the heaving bar, turned a twist and somersault and landed safely in the steel clasp of Flandreau's mighty hands.

At last the act was over, and Flandrin, high on his perch, bowed and waved to the thunder of applause.

I thought he was finished, and was turning my eyes away, when suddenly I saw him lift his hand peremptorily Across the gulf of the arena he called sharply to his catcher.

Flandreau was startled. "No! No!" he cried. "Don't do that!"

But Flandrin's voice came masterfully through the silence: "Get ready for me!"

HE turned as the crowd waited breathlessly. On his perch there was a movable bar fitted in sockets. When this was lifted, the trapeze could be swung in arcs longer, more dangerous. Now Flandrin lifted that bar and fitted it into the topmost notch. He caught the trapeze and swung it. It sped out and up so high that it seemed ready to touch the roof. Then it shot back, and Flandrin caught it and darted out into mid-air.

Like a stone from a sling his body was catapulted: first a somersault, out of which he came into a twist; then back into a somersault; and then into another twist; and then—miracle of miracles—he flew safely into his catcher's waiting hands.

Flandrin had done the double twist!

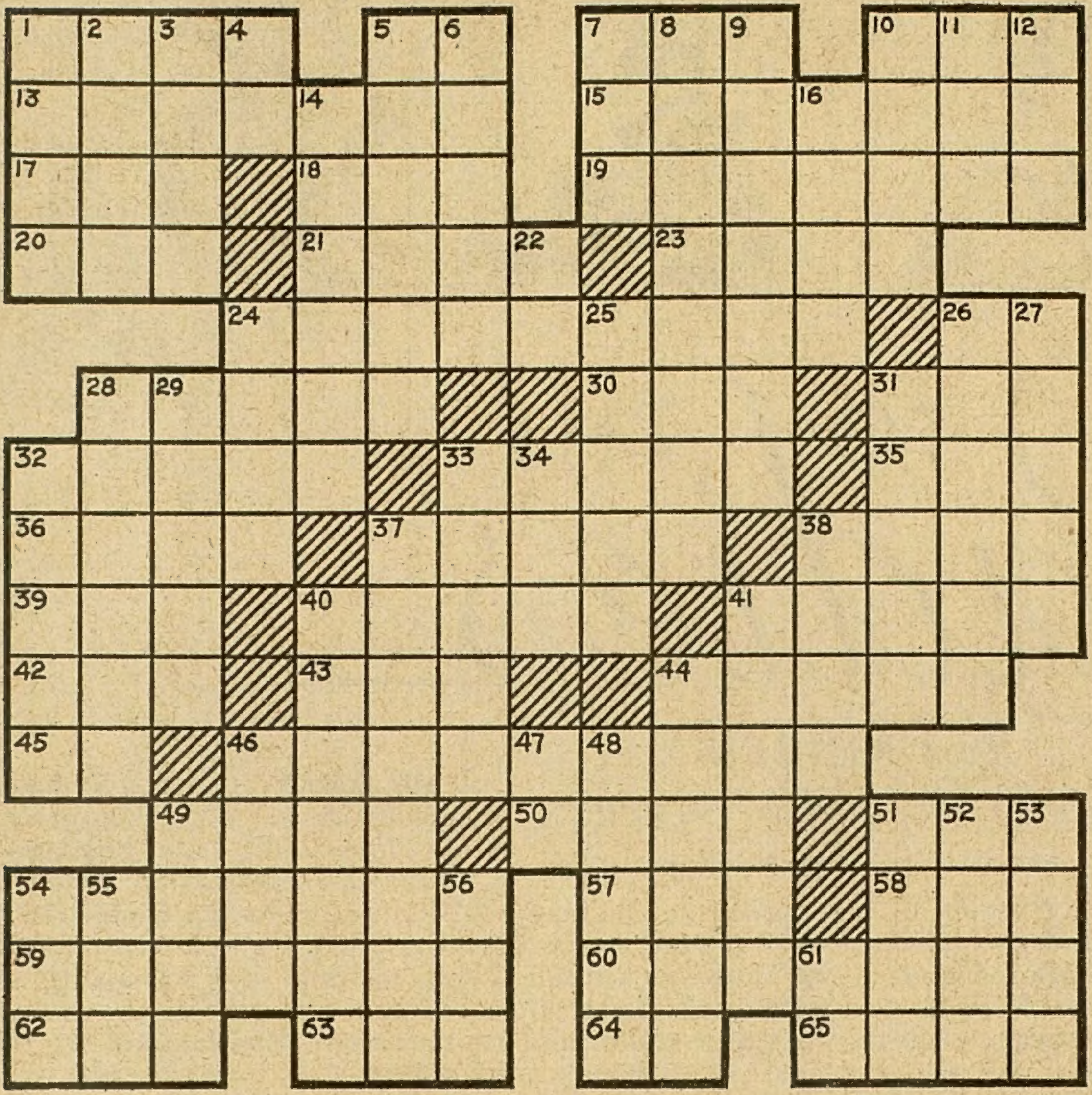
The crowd, a first-night, circus-wise mob, yelled and screamed and beat its feet. But to all that prolonged and noisy approbation Flandrin, the acrobat, seemed deaf and blind. High on the ladder he stood, and his eyes were turned to that opening in the arena draped with flags. My gaze followed his; and I could almost believe that I saw there a tiny figure wrapped in a dark cloak.

Flandrin must have seen it, for it was toward something very real to him there that he bowed. And it was there he blew his kisses.

THE END

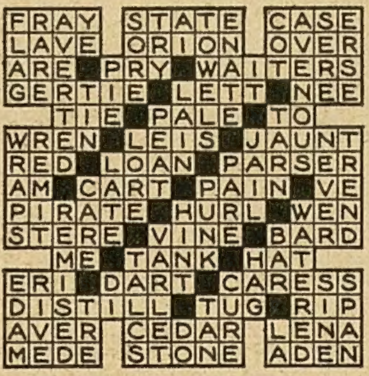
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 A male and two female fowls
5 Symbol for a metal
7 A size of writing paper
10 A long round scarf
13 Dunce
15 Any substance of exceeding hardness
17 Anger
18 Insect
19 Aquatic mammal
20 A combining form meaning six
21 To cover; conceal
23 Fits of peevishness or ill humor
24 City in Pennsylvania
26 Syllable sounded in solmization
28 Boxes
30 A wily person
31 A varying weight of India
32 Mounts, as on wings
33 Duck-hunter's screen
35 Wing
36 Unyielding
37 Adhere closely
38 To restore: printing
39 Appropriate
40 Declaim
41 Highly polished
42 Low island or reef
43 Marsh
44 River in England
45 Alleged force
46 Bar used in ropewalk
49 Exclamation
50 Sour
51 Measure of length



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FRAY STATE CASE
LAVE ORION OVER
ARE■PRY■WAITERS
GERTIE■LETT■NEE
  TIE■PALE■TO  
WREN■LEIS■JAUNT
RED■LOAN■PARSER
AM■CART■PAIN■VE
PIRATE■HURL■WEN
STERE■VINE■BARD
  ME■TANK■HAT  
ERI■DART■CARESS
DISTILL■TUG■RIP
AVER CEDAR LENA
MEDE STONE ADEN
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

54 Stoats
57 Employ
58 Sorrow; misery
59 Harvesters
60 Decreases
62 Tree
63 Annual cereal grass
64 Symbol for a metal
65 Mass of crude metal (plural)

VERTICAL

1 Opposed to that
2 Unusual
3 A genus of aquifoliaceous trees and shrubs
4 Belonging to
5 Thews
6 Pertaining to a city in ancient Greece
7 A curved wedge used as a clamp
8 Altering to fit for a new use
9 Furnished with sections, as a wall, a window, or a door
10 Lump of moist clay (plural)
11 A pronoun
12 Corroded
14 Hesitates
16 Ship's officer
22 Syllable sounded in solmization
24 Spikenard
25 Backbone
26 Take by preference from among others
27 Angry
28 Lathered
29 Social gathering
31 The archfiend
32 Military headdress
33 A void space, as on paper
34 Descended, as from a horse
37 Dairy
38 A wheelless vehicle
40 More frequently
41 Scrapes roughly
44 More succinct
46 Water craft
47 French or Latin conjunction
48 Pulls with force
49 Any female servant in the Orient
51 A wide-mouthed jug
52 Single
53 Fewer
54 A signal stage of history
55 The matter or thing, in law
56 Compass point
61 Thus

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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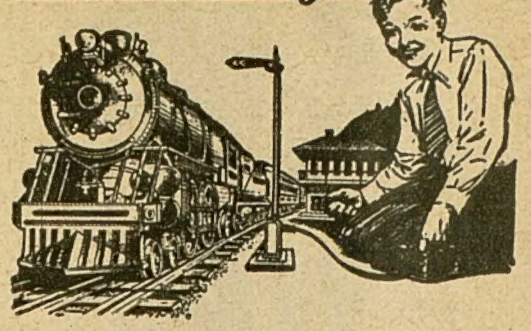

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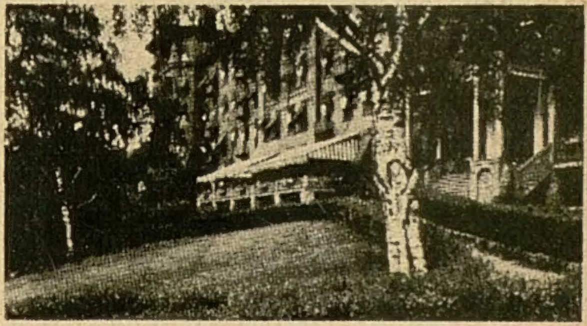

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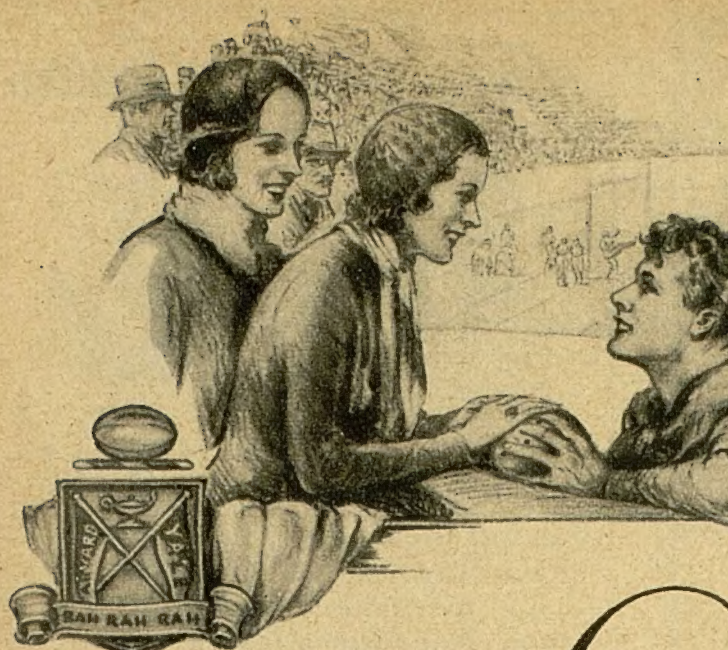


IN HOC SIGNO

TO THE Ladies

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 3 min. 45 sec.)

WHETHER you live in Winnetka, Illinois, or Honolulu, or Kinsley, Kansas, or New York, or anywhere at all, Charles W. Nudelman knows all about you. If he didn't you probably would not have bought that nice little tailored dress you're wearing. The chances are that Mr. Nudelman made it for you. He makes women's sports wear, wholesale, for our national market. You can gauge the extent of his efforts when I tell you that it takes one million five hundred thousand buttons to button up the sports clothes he turns out every year.

But it takes more than buttons and fabrics to make our clothes. It takes psychology. Here is a cross section of our American clothes habits as Mr. Nudelman sees them:

"Women today have minds of their own," he says. "They may be right or they may be wrong, but they know what they want. And nothing else goes any more.

"Take the silhouette. American women will never go back to the old 'full-rigged' effect. No style dictator can make them do it. They have spent too much time and trouble learning how to keep slim. They want their slimness to *show.* Otherwise it's all wasted. Clothes have to follow the body lines nowadays—or women won't buy them."

Sport trends influence fabrics, I learned. When golf is the rage we want tweedy materials, and when tennis takes the lead we turn to smooth-surfaced suitings.

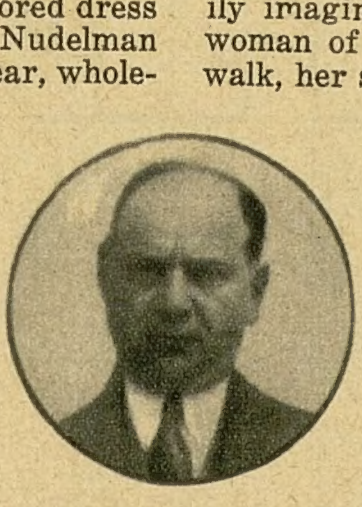
THE name of Lina Cavalieri—opera singer and beauty of prewar fame—caught my eye when I saw it recently in a newspaper. It recalled to my mind a curious true-life story—the story of a woman whose chance of happiness in love depended on her resemblance to Lina Cavalieri.

A certain Russian prince was infatuated with Cavalieri. He proposed to her. Her answer is a classic. "There are many princes," she said; "there is only one Cavalieri."

But the prince's relatives were alarmed. They feared that Cavalieri might change her mind and marry him. So they set to work to save the lovelorn youth. They presented him to the beautiful daughter of a noble house. The girl looked like a younger Lina Cavalieri. The resemblance was quite remarkable. The prince married this girl. And there began for her a life more fantastically cruel than any demon could invent. She was terribly in love with her husband—while he was still in love with Cavalieri. The young wife, in desperation, undertook to make herself so like Cavalieri that the prince would easily imagine himself living as man and wife with the woman of his dream's desire. She studied Cavalieri's walk, her smiles and mannerisms. She trained her own lovely voice to sound like Cavalieri's voice. After a while people said, "The prince has forgotten Cavalieri." He seemed happy with his wife. Then he died very suddenly.

I met the widow soon after his death. Never will I forget the tragedy of her life as she revealed it without realizing that she did so. I saw her show my father a photograph of Lina Cavalieri. I heard her say, say desperately and eagerly:

"I *am* like her—am I not?"



Charles W. Nudelman

EITHER you have them or you haven't, and if you haven't got them you can't get them. "What *is* she talking about?" I hear you say. Talking about dimples, my dear. Dimples are a gift.

The beauty surgeons cannot put them in for you. And they are becoming scarcer all the time. Why? I asked a famous beautician.

"Dimples come with quiet living," he said. "No tranquillity, no dimples. You can't have them if the muscles of your face are strained. Tenseness is death to dimples."

PAVLOVA, the late great Russian dancer, has been intimately studied in André Oliveroff's The Flight of the Swan. An interesting book. (Published by Dutton.)

DOWN in Cuba they make a most unusual mayonnaise with alligator pears. A Cuban friend has just taught me how to make it. It's great!

You put the pulp of the avocado through a sieve. Into it you stir slowly 3 tablespoons olive oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar, and 1 of lemon juice. Pepper and salt. Use this dressing on a salad of diced cold vegetables heaped in the hollow of halved avocado pears.

If the pears are too expensive, use it on lettuce leaves. The Cubans eat it also with hot or cold fish. I haven't tried that yet.

This is happening to you today

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